

THE
DARK BLUE.

JUNE, 1872.

JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.

AN IMAGINATIVE STUDY OF CREEDS.

IN SIX DIVISIONS.

DIVISION IV.



SRAEL TORRIANO had drawn the gamester through the hall of the Count's house, the servants staring at the two; outside, Israel had himself called a *fiacre*, and driven to his hotel. The young Frenchman, having perfectly collapsed, was with difficulty got out of the vehicle and made to ascend the stairs, and, once in Israel's room, he fell on the couch exhausted and helpless.

Pedro rushed in from the street.

'Who is it, maestro? Will he die?'

'A moral death, if he does; be quiet and help me.'

Is there a mesmerising power in perfect pure manhood, that has its own healing influence? Why should the herb and the mineral, far lower in natural development, cure bodily ailments, and the electric stream from human nerves, far higher in intrinsic worth, not be efficacious? Why do we acknowledge one kind of strength and smile at the other?

The Frenchman lay on the couch, in a heavy swoon; it was doubtful whether his reason had not received too violent a shock, that it could recover from the palsy of terror of worldly prostration—the man looked a human wreck. Israel's sympathetic nature had never been called in requisition; his remarkable self-concentration had given him an insight into the larger concerns of mankind that depend upon the action of principles, and left him almost callous opposite individual sufferings. But this man's life was ebbing away it seemed, and the desire to preserve

a fellow-creature's existence stirred imperceptibly hidden springs of strength in Israel ; he took the young man in his arms, laid him down in a straight position, gave his throat air, and then unconsciously moved his hands gently over his countenance, as if pitying or blessing him. It was all done from an inner uncontrollable impulse. While Pedro fetched water to throw over the fainting man, in order to bring him back to life, Israel was lulling by his superior vitality the shattered nerves of the Parisian into comatose repose, in which they would remain at his will, gaining renewed strength, and perhaps recovering from the dangerous shock they had received.

Angrily Israel waved back Pedro and the water, pointing to the placid expression the facial muscles of the young Frenchman were assuming. A few more sweeps with both hands over the prostrate form, and a gentle, profound sleep seemed to envelope the miserable gamester. Then Israel sat down by him, wiping the heavy drops of anxiety from his own brow. For the first time in his life Israel Torriano had a dim wavering notion what terrible wretchedness man prepared for himself in this world, and how awful was the curse of individual suffering, covered over by the deceptive outside of our loose civilisation !

The patient, his preserver, and Pedro, all three had been asleep for some hours. Israel started up from heavy dreams. It appeared to him as if the time had come when he, too, must enter individually into the strife of this our life—when he, too, must make it a hand-to-hand fight with someone else's interests—when he, too, must give up contemplation and mental repose—and when that animal nature of his would assert its pugnacious tendency, and draw him into the magic circle of struggling for superiority with his fellow-creatures. 'Go back to Olivet,' whispered an inner voice. Ah ! but he could not ; the draught, once tasted, must be drained ; the world of man, once entered upon, would be thoroughly known ; the lesson must be learnt, and, come what may, Israel must enter upon that inheritance which the taste of the first tree of knowledge has given to us all.

He recollected himself, and bent over the Frenchman, taking his hands into his own ; suddenly the young man sat up, staring round him as if risen from a trance.

'Let me go ; I must get the money I owe the Count.' Recollection took up the thread of the very last occurrence.

'But you have not got it.'

'Then I must sell what I have.'

'That will beggar your family, you say.'

'It cannot be helped ; it is a debt of honour.'

'A debt of honour ?' asked Israel, sternly. 'You call that honour, to take their all from innocent people, and throw it to such miscreants ?'

'They are gentlemen, men of my own set ; the laws of society must be obeyed. I cannot be called a coward, surely ?'

'Better bear that and live it down, by paying the debts gradually and leading a more rational life.'

'You do not know what you say, man ; my very name is at stake. Gambling debts must be paid within twenty-four hours : tell me how long have I been here ?'

'A few hours.'

'I thought much longer ; what has refreshed and strengthened me so ? I remember not how I got out of the Count's house.'

'Perhaps my desire to help you has done it : I believe human sympathy might cure much, bodily and mentally, were it exercised benevolently, and not madly destroyed by irrational ways. Come, now, shall I pay for you.'

'You ! Are you rich ?'

'Do you not know who I am ?'

'Ah, yes ; I remember now, the rich Jew, whom we all were to pluck, and who plucked us.'

'Well ; shall I pay ?'

'No, they would know it ; and if they did not, it would be all the same. It would be *your* money not *mine* ; I must pay, I must be ruined, and I must suffer, for I have deserved it. I must go—look there, the morning is full upon us : let me go, I'll go to another Jew ; he'll let me have the money, and sell me up before the week is out.'

'Whom else will he sell up ?'

'Oh, pray don't speak of it. My sweet sister, who lives with me, my Elise will have no home. My little brothers at the military academy will be beggars, and I shall have to join the army corps in Algiers—my marriage is as good as broken off.'

'Have you no father or mother ?'

'Both dead : I am the head of the house, and take care of the others.'

'A fine head,' said Israel, ironically ; 'look here, shall I buy all up ?'

'You ! But will you settle here ?'

'No, I cannot ; let me buy it and return it back to you, till you have paid *me* back.'

'No, no ; you do not understand the matter. You Jews don't see our fine points of honour. I must pay ; I must be ruined, for I *must* keep my honourable name. *That* nobody shall touch.'

Israel rose : 'No ; I, a Jew, as you say, do not understand your fine points of honour. To lose your all and that of others in a drinking bout, and to refuse reasonable help, that those others should not be beggars in a state of society where a poor man or beggar is below the level of humanity almost, appears to me drawing honour to a very fine point. Young man, you are a selfish brute still.'

'You dare call me so? My name is still untouched; I'll call you to account.' He sprang up with threatening gestures.

'No, you madman, I'll not allow you. Let me go to your family.'

'Ah, my Elise; how she will weep, my good angel sister. Look here, will you marry her? You are a Jew, it is true, but you seem a noble fellow, and it does not matter now; we are too much advanced in France to trouble about it. Come, when you are in the family, *then* you may buy me up.'

Israel's face was dyed scarlet at this off-hand offer of marriage.

'I shall never marry; how dare you offer your sister like that, as if she were a piece of chattel?'

'Oh, it is done every day, and she would do anything to save me. Elise is beautiful,' whispered the brother, 'and pure; not like her you saw last night;' meaning the Countess.

'No, no, no; I'll have no human buying and selling; besides I would not marry.'

'Then I must be sold up. Let me go, I say. The place will be given up: Elise go to her aunt in Normandy, or to England as governess; I shall join a regiment of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and my brothers have to struggle as best they can till the Emperor is good enough to make war and give us a lift. Merci bien for your goodness; you cannot help me, only a member of the family could, for the name must be maintained.' He prepared to leave. 'Oh, by-the-bye, do something for that poor Countess. She had to invite you, on her husband's account, to get 100,000 francs from you; they'll be sold up, if you don't. For old Torriano, your cousin, when in a rage, is not to be played with, and he is jealous, since the Countess, with whom he flirts outrageously, preferred you to him at the dinner. It's the talk of the set; do help her, she is good to my Elise.'

Nothing could retain him; he went, as he said, to prepare Elise, and then to ask the Paris Torriano to buy him up as a favour, that the affair might be done quietly.

Israel sat down and wrote to his cousin; told him that a young man who had incurred a heavy gambling debt at the Count of Montferill's house, would call upon him to sell his property, and that Israel begged his cousin to buy it in, and make it over the next day to the young man's sister Elise *absolutely* as a gift; he also begged him to send him 100,000 francs in French paper money, and place both amounts to the account of old Moses, who would but be too pleased that his master drew money; both matters were to be kept a secret. Finally Israel took leave of his cousin, having, as he said, satisfied his curiosity in becoming acquainted with French life, and being about to proceed to Vienna.'

Pedro was sent with the letter and brought back the 100,000 francs, and a short epistle.

‘Mon cher cousin.

‘Nous sommes chagrinés de vous perdre, mais je comprends que la France ne vous convienne pas ; ici-il faut perdre les petites idées de la vie individuelle et comprendre les intérêts vastes de la vraie civilisation. Vienne vous ira mieux, là on est encore dans l'enfance. Je pense vous auriez pu dépenser votre argent mieux. C'est affreux, un Torriano, et depuis votre séjour à Paris pas une affaire faite. Allez donc, perdez vos scrupules et revenez.

‘A toujours, votre cousin,

ANTOINE.’

Israel Torriano smiled a bitter smile when he read that here one must understand the vast interests of true civilisation. What civilisation? he thought ; surely some new heathen god had been set up, some other golden calf, as did his forefathers of old, below Sinai ; the calf of ‘gain to satisfy selfish material desires.’ Nothing else seemed to move these people.

‘Pedro, when this letter has been delivered to the Countess of Montferil, come back quick and pack. I can stand it no longer.’

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Israel sat at his table, his head supported by both his hands ; a faint, desperate feeling of nothingness overcame him. What was the purpose in creating this beautiful planet, perhaps an offspring from the disc of the sun, if no better use could be made of it than that the highest developed beings on it should for ever carry on a strife of separate and concrete opposing interests, and should mutually rejoice at their success over each other? Should think it right to gratify every voluptuous desire, whether it clashed with the well-being of others or not? What was the use, that He had walked Palestine and taught human mutual sympathy, and love of the originator of our being, if His teaching had been twisted into such shapes? Why call this religion Christianity, for Christianity it was not? Before Israel's mind's eye arose that noble, placid figure on Olivet, teaching the stubborn thousands to love each other and to understand that true humanity can only progress if all interests are regarded as sacred. Ah, Israel comprehended that if that figure had stood up in the streets of Naples, in the nunneries of Spain, and in the Madeleine of Paris ; the multitudes, particularly the well-born multitude, might have understood Him less than did the stubborn Jews of old.

Someone knocked at the door ; again, louder and louder still.

‘Come in,’ said Israel, without looking up ; someone entered slowly. At last Israel did look up ; who stood there before him? The bent, venerable figure of an old man, whose long white beard reached far down, whose partially bald head topped a face of the sharpest sagacity, whose dress bespoke a Jew of strict rule and immense importance.

‘And thou art Israel Torriano, my brother's child ! I am thy father's

eldest brother, and come from Frankfort, in Germany.' The old man spoke in the purest Hebrew.

Something like reverence, something like kinship was stirred in Israel; he approached the old man, took both his hands, shook them heartily, and answered in Hebrew: 'At last there seems to be somebody who belongs to me; uncle, *you* come nearer to me than all I have seen. Oh, thank you for coming to see me.'

'I have come to fetch thee from this modern Babylon, to take thee to a place, true, defiled now, since it belongs to those cursed Prussians, but still something of a home for us. Pshaw, Paris is but a sink of iniquity—come, pack up, get out of it as quick as thou canst. I told thy cousin thou shouldst not stay here. I have but just arrived and heard from him where you were. Let us be off.'

'I was going to Vienna.'

'As bad as Paris. No need; I have greater things for thee to do; come with me, and the plans of a life-time shall be developed before thee. Jehovah be praised, I behold *one* worthy offspring of our race; my sons are all modernised. One in Petersburg, one in Berlin, one in Vienna—all fallen away from the true Jehovah, worshipping nothing but their own social finery. Pshaw!'

Old Torriano, Israel, and Pedro reached Frankfort; the journey by rail had been a taciturn one. The old man watched his young relative whenever not perceived; he evidently pondered over some scheme, and weighed in his mind the pro's and con's for its success. Here and there he would break out into some furious 'tirade' against modern ideas, or the superficial life of the day, or the horrid Prussians and the changes in Germany. Then again he recounted eagerly passages from his life, while he had been with Israel's father in the East. But he neither wished to be answered nor to be reasoned with; his whole conversation seemed rather a passionate denunciation than a consecutive pursuit of ideas. He paid the expenses throughout with a kind of princely disregard to money value: on Israel, who cared very little whether he was thought generous or not, it made no impression. If his uncle would pay, let him pay. A certain unexplained enmity had arisen between Pedro and the old man; Pedro actually sneered at him.

'A fine old curmudgeon, to take my master, God knows where; he looks more sinister than the gipsy-smugglers; I'll watch you, my man.'

Pedro did watch unremittingly, and by the time the trio had reached Frankfort they were as uncomfortable as three people could be. A certain depression had come over Israel; life appeared unreal here, there seemed no bright spring at the bottom of the well, nothing but a muddy substance to draw from for sustenance. He began to think, as perhaps many of us have thought; 'What is the use of this existence, whose

purpose seems nothing but the frittering away of each day in some renewed toil, to supply the lesser or greater wants of the body, and leave those of the spirit crippled and sparingly attended to?

Old Torriano had shut up his fine house 'Auf der Zeile,' in Frankfort, and lived in an old banking place near the Jews' quarter. Neither wife nor daughter existed; the three sons were all settled elsewhere, money princes themselves. So Israel's reception was none of the most cheerful. A veteran crusty man-servant received the three into the sombre hall, and opened to them a reception room more sombre still. Pedro shuddered: surely this was not the same world as sunny Italy and bright Spain? It was getting worse and worse, and had it not been that Pedro seemed bound hand and foot to his master, he would have turned tail and rushed off back to his home, where the sky swam in light, the air was embalmed with sweetness, and life was pleasant and enjoyable.

Great attention was paid to Israel, whose chamber appeared more fit for an inhabitant of centuries ago than for a young man accustomed to the free breath of an eastern life on the mountains of Palestine.

Old Torriano retired early on the evening of their arrival, but not before he had solemnly blessed Israel in Hebrew and pronounced endless benedictions on his sacred head. The welcome Israel had given his aged relative on first meeting him seemed to vanish into distance; this earnest, passionate, concentrated old Jew had no affinity with him, Israel felt it, no more than the gorgeous, luxurious cousin in Paris.

'No time to lose, Israel, thou blessed child,' said the old man the next morning, after a stately breakfast. 'We have business, a great, vast immense business to settle. Come into my private room.'

Into the private room they went, a close old-fashioned place, smelling of calculations in millions, musty with many transactions to which clung the fates of thousands of human beings. The room had an uncanny appearance, as if it were an inquisition chamber; against the wall hung a large map of Europe and Asia, on the table in the middle lay another. Heavy volumes stood on the shelves against the wall. Large ominous safes were heaped up in corners, and money was written on every article in the place.

The old man drew himself up. 'Israel Torriano, here no one enters but my old confidential manager, not even my sons are permitted to come here. But thou art different even from them. On thy head rests the sacredness of a race; in thy veins flows the blood of the pure eastern land; in thy face something shines of former grandeur and future hope. I feel it, my eyes are seeing the only man that can realise my long hopeless dreams.'

Israel shuddered. What could he mean? What ambition would so excite a man to whom the world had given all the prosperity it was

capable of? But the elder exercised a certain power over the younger, and as if spell-bound, Israel stood opposite his uncle, listening attentively to every word that fell from his lips.

‘Listen, Israel Torriano, child of the East, and interrupt me not.’ The old man stood on one side of the table on which lay the map, Israel on the other. ‘Listen: two years ago this town was the stronghold of our race; here we had gained a new power over the world; here had arisen, according to present civilisation, a fresh empire which we held over mankind. Money rules the earth, and money had we created and absorbed to such an extent, that kingdoms cannot reckon upon such a revenue as we possess. And this revenue is not stationary, for money begets money. It has branched off wherever a number of our or some other great Jewish family settles. It seems to collect around us, to cling to us, to raise us into importance wherever we go. For one moment imagine, if thou hast even a faint idea of it, what would be the power in the hands of the richest Jewish families on the globe? Ha! they cannot even conceive it. But Israel, this cash power wants realisation; I know it; it wants men—human flesh and blood, and human flesh and blood I want to buy with it. My Frankfort, my home, has been desecrated; the hard stern man of the sword has come and whipped it like an offending helpless child. He has taken our liberties, our free Reichstadt, and made it into an appendix of his own paltry sandy possessions. The Prussians have swamped us, drained us, despoiled us, humiliated us. God of my fathers! Jehovah of the Patriarchs! how I hate those spike-headed men! Listen, Israel,’ and the old man bent more forward still, ‘listen: look at this map. Two hundred years ago these Prussians were a paltry concern in the east of Germany, patching up little bits of stray lands from the rotten corners of the great German Empire, even then swelling up with pride and self, and talking about schools and universities, about reformation in their religion, and hardy defence of their miserable country; about taking in industrious protestants whom Spain and Austria turned out; in fact about all the dirty, petty means people who are needy and poor employ to swell their little importance. They never had much money; one of their sovereigns had to employ a Jew every now and then to patch up the concern; another half-starved his court to amass a few heaps of silver thalers in his treasury; but ha! see Israel, what even these few silver thalers did, they enabled his son to make head against Austria, the only thing a Prussian could do, and to astonish Europe. That wily serpent, that indomitable, plucky fellow, Frederick II., did more with his father’s few silver thalers than half the realms of Europe have known to do with their heaps of gold. Look at them now. The silver thalers and wiliness have made use of human flesh and blood, and Frankfort, the stronghold of money capital,

the old town of the German Empire, has fallen under their clutches, and if *one* man does not stay them, soon the rest of the land will follow. But it shall not, Israel, we'll prevent it ; we will keep back the march ; we, like the Maccabees, will turn the stream ; for we have gold, gold, gold ; we have brains, and we can buy human flesh and blood, we can train armies.' The old man wiped his brow, his eyes shot forth a lurid internal fire, that had been feeding on its own intensity. 'Israel, here it is : next door to the Prussians lives a man who has also a long head, though rather given to possible calculations than actions ; from his gorgeous metropolis you have just come. Napoleon III. is that man. It won't last long, the affair, any Jew could tell him that, for we know intuitively when people have outrun their credit ; but he can serve us. This new comer, this political, dexterous free-lance, has what we want—human flesh and blood—he has armies. Listen again, dear Israel, the scheme is coming, the scheme of my hatred and of my ambition—listen.'

'Where you come from lies a land that God had given us and man has taken from us—Palestine : What right has that stupid, plethoric Turk to sweet, holy Palestine,—my dream of dreams ? What right ? None. Turn the Turk out, he is nothing but a burden, a cumbersome, lazy human machine, that won't go forward to improve and can't go backward to brighten up his old, insolent, bloodthirsty sword of war. But how turn him out ? Israel, your and my money can do it. Give it me, man ; give it me ; let *me* but handle it ; I am not quite so clear-sighted as was your father ; but revenge and ambition will make me. They will make my brains penetrate into the brains of other men and look into the future ! We'll go to Napoleon III. ; we'll promise him support to stay the Prussians, who will one day prostrate him, be sure of it, if he does not hinder them now ; we'll give him the sinews of war, money, and ask nothing in return but help against the Turk. He'll give it ; *I* know him. He'll be set up as a renewer of nations, as leading back an old powerful race to its home—he'll beat the Prussians, if he has untold resources, he'll beat them now ; but not much later, they are swelling up wonderfully, and there is no time to be lost. He'll become the greatest hero of our time, and whatever fall may come later for his people, if he minds now, *he'll* not see it, and we shall be secure. Oh, once back in Palestine ; what would we not be ? Think, dear Israel, our money ; our cleverness, our talents, our united action, and the old blessing on us : we would bring forth a new, a powerful Messiah, who should govern *the world* ! And thou, dear Israel, with all the traditions of our ancient race in you, thou shouldst become our first king. Israel Torriano, king of the Jews ! Man, I would rather be that than the king of the universe. Israel, dear Israel, disappoint me not ! When I hail thee as king in Jerusalem, my eyes shall have seen the Lord's delight, and I can depart in peace. No

first, I'll help thee to be secure in thy possession. Hearest thou, Israel, hearest thou me, thy prophet,'—the old man snatched at Israel's hand; 'can'st thou understand the greatness of that which I propose?'

Israel stood there, his eyes directed up to heaven, his soul going right into divine realms, searching there for the words to quiet this ecstatic old man. He looked entranced. Old Torriano called out: 'Israel, Israel, the Lord's spirit is coming upon thee, thou lookest already a king of the Jews.'

But Israel bent down his head; mournfully his eyes looked into the old man's. 'Uncle Torriano; you have painted the picture of the tempter, but not for me; I have no money, I have never owned that trash. Take it, if you will; you as the eldest have the best right to it; but you cannot have me—I belong to myself and to Him; I want no worldly kingdom. Whenever our race is again to be reunited, it will be by other means. Never by those of blood and revenge!'

'And pray, by what others?'

'By the teaching of the Nazarene's true words—not by what they call Christianity now; but by that mutual understanding that will let us see in our fellow creatures' interests our own, and that will make our souls purer to exult in admiration and adoration of the creation we inhabit?'

'Man, Israel; thou followest the Nazarene. Thou, thou, thou! Quick, tell me.'

'Yes, I do—I am a sincere true follower of His word, but not as it is flimsily taught here; no, as I have found it and put it together for myself. Not slavishly, but quickening me daily to new life and right understanding; making me see more and more what He meant, when He threw the teaching of His seeing soul among the multitudes, to find it distorted in shape two thousand years later. The Nazarene never said what I find many of these Christians believe, and long will it be till we have understood Him at all. Even I, earnest searcher as I am, even I, shall not know His motives quite. Go on, revile Him, Jew of the same race as He was; go on, misunderstand Him, so-called Christian of the modern race; go on, despise Him and sneer at Him, philosopher, who dost not even take the pains to look for His meaning under the deceptive dress of an eastern, little understood language, and the misrepresentation of centuries. We still can look no higher than letting our brother's interest be like our own and extending civilisation by making *all* fit for worthy existence in their various places. We still can look no higher than loving this dwelling place, its mutely speaking plants and animals of lower development, and in them loving the highest existence. Christ taught no more—nothing else is possible! I would rather devote myself to mere contemplation, my soul is not with man; but still I am learning to subdue even that, if He wills it; and for it am I making my journey.

Take my money, uncle, you are welcome ; take it and let me go !' said Israel, mournfully.

'And thou art a Nazarene, a follower of Him whom the Jews detest !' The old man hid away his face : 'Then leave me ; now, this instant ; go, go, go. I'll have none here ; none but those of the pure old faith shall tread my house. Be off ! be gone ! thou defilest my room in which I worship.'

'Worship Mammon and God ! I go uncle.'

Israel left the room.

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Within a few minutes Pedro had packed what there was to pack and had left the place, with Israel ; as they passed the door of the old man's room, Israel heard a few broken sobs. But he knew there was no help, old Torriano must be left to himself !

'La madre sia benedetta,' exclaimed Pedro, as they stepped into the close narrow street, 'questa casa mi fa horore.' Pedro's earnest feelings always employed Italian for expression ; he kept close to Israel, as if for protection.

'Dove andiamo, maestro ?' he asked of the young Jew.

'To the railway-station ;' answered Israel, in French.

'Non parlate giammai Italiano ;' answered Pedro, sulkily. 'Zillah mia, poveretta ; oh quando te verrei ?'

'Pedro, lascia me ——.'

'No, no, no—maestro, maestro ; sono a voi !'

Through Frankfort's narrow streets they wandered till they reached the station ; a porter had easily been found for the two moderate portmanteaus they carried. Israel had become a little desponding ; his money seemed a loadstone, dragging him down from every unselfish aspiration, and being continually in his way. Wherever he went it was not he who was wanted, but the cash he represented ; it obliterated him as man altogether, opposite man and woman. Under whatever pretext it was done :—the Jewish family affection in Naples, the association with the Gentile and gipsy in Spain, the care of the Christian nuns, the pretended love of the French countess, the rash marriage offer of the gamester, the exaltation for which his old German relative had destined him—money, money, and money was the moving principle of welcome, dastardly attack, social amenities, and political rising. He felt it, like a curse it would cling to him, who positively knew not what to do with it, for had he employed it in any great concern for the benefit of humanity at large, and given it out of his hands, his whole people would have risen against him and called him *insane* ! Aye, perhaps locked him up as a lunatic ! Well, he must see England, his mother's birthplace, the land whose name had an all-protecting influence in the East. Here

perhaps, money took another shape, and was used rather as a means to greatness, than greatness itself; and here, he was sure, that Christian light which English missionaries were said to carry to the most distant lands would shine brighter than elsewhere. The glimpse his uncle had given him into German politics had disgusted him, and he was positively afraid to go to Berlin and Vienna, and he hawked about for what he was worth.

With such thoughts Israel occupied himself, as he sat outside the station on the bench, waiting for the train to take him to the Rhine; suddenly Rebecca's image came before him. Bitterly as he felt the money influence of her gorgeous home, he saw her before him, stately, noble, beautiful, ardent—his heart was not touched, and yet he should have liked to be with the cousin who was so far above her condition. He would not have left her so easily now, the crust round his heart was melting in contact with the world: Israel was becoming sympathetic.

Suddenly a sharp, loud cry was heard, a child's cry: Israel sprang up. Where, what was it? Another, sharper still, and then a moan. Israel looked right and left, the outside of the station was deserted at the time; Pedro had gone off to fetch some refreshment for himself, and the young Jew was alone. He hurried round the corner of the building and there beheld such a pretty picture. A young lady was holding a child to her, from whose forehead blood was streaming: quick as lightning Israel was by her side. The young lady was well dressed, the child poorly clad, and not very clean. It clung to its rescuer, and moaned and sobbed; Israel took up the child in his arms, said 'Come with me,' to the lady, and found his way to the waiting room. Here the wound was washed and dressed, and some restoratives used to the little fellow, who was very pale. The moment, however, he felt his strength revive he sprang up:

'Es war die Kröte, die Marie; ich werd's ihr geben.'

Knitting his little fist, he started off, leaving both Israel and the young lady in astonishment at such a sudden transition from helplessness to revenge. The lady laughed outright, and wiped carefully some spots of blood from her glove. Israel seemed affected by that hearty laugh—he, who smiled so seldom, scarcely ever, could neither help laughing. How much true human harmony there is in a laugh!

They looked at each other; the lady blushed, Israel trembled. 'The little fellow soon recovered himself,' he said, in French.

'Oh; I am not French;' she answered, 'I am an English girl; do you speak English?'

'Yes a little; my mother was English.'

'And you are an Italian, are you not?' inquired the lady, naively.

'I come from Palestine.'

‘From Palestine? Oh, tell me something about it. How beautiful it must be: the very name has a sound all its own.’

They had walked round, and now sat down on the bench outside. Others might have called the young girl unlady like, to converse so speedily with an utter stranger: Israel did not notice it. He felt only the undefined charm of having beside him an ingenuous, unaffected human being, whose outer appearance was pleasing in the extreme.’

‘Do you live in Palestine, or have you travelled there?’

‘Both; nights and nights I have wandered on its hills; have slept on Olivet, and made it my home, my natural home, not what you call here a home.’

‘Ah, you are a little romantic; so am I. I would not give up my romance for anything; it is so beautiful to look at the world with one’s own eyes, not with everybody else’s. But there is my papa, and there comes the train; I must go. Thank you for your assistance with the little boy, it was very kind of you.’

A tall, stately man approached them: the young lady hurried up to him. At the same moment the train appeared, they entered it; so did Israel impulsively, but in the crowd that came from the carriages he got into another carriage than that of his companion. Pedro, flushed, ran up and just caught his master, while two little children rushed forward; one a little boy with bandaged head dragging along a little girl, who was screaming vociferously. The boy caught sight of Israel at one window, of the young lady at the other.

‘Here ist sie, die Marie, die hat’s mit dem Steine gethan, die Kröte; die haben mir geholfen die da, der Herr und die Dame, du böses Mädel. Danke schön, danke schön; Marie wills nicht wieder thun.’

Many passengers joined in the general hilarity, as the little fellow bawled out his remarks at the top of his voice. The train started off with Israel and the young English girl in it.

* * * * *

Reader, you will think Israel Torriano a very imaginative character; he is not so. He is but the reflex of what you and I see every day, the power of money; he is the possessor of what the world values, himself not valuing it; himself seeking ground higher and sounder. He will become the martyr of that possession, for believe us, reader, the old saying is still true: ‘Sooner can a camel pass through a needle, than a rich man go into heaven.’ It means, that life is a far harder matter to encompass for a rich man than a poor one. The world does not think so; the world is mistaken. Money, the possession of money, not gained by ourselves, is a dreadful responsibility, a responsibility it is better not to have; for money can buy man *and* woman everywhere and among every creed! Let us follow our hero, whose fate we have sketched; single-

minded as he comes from regions of thought and life into which the value of money had not entered ; let us follow him, how little by little he enters upon the European world and its various conditions, and how everywhere there greets him the eternal cry for 'Money, money, money.' How everywhere the world is so imbued with the power over means, that the means have become the end and have confused our ideas. How everywhere these means are used as incentives to struggles and efforts that create either crime and dishonesty, or heroism and honesty ; how the latter often fail, when the former conquer ! Let us follow our hero as he sees money worshipped and Christianity misunderstood—treated as a dry rule, that represents forms, not principles—the living principle to commiserate the weak and leave the strong to themselves. Reader ! come away for a time from all the pretty mannerisms in which the ways of the world are described, and look with us into the truth of its principles ! Forgive our style ; forgive our peculiarities—we meant to show you a man whose mind was free from worldly taint, perhaps selfish in being self-absorbed ; and who has to learn a heavy lesson, when he comes into actual contact with the world—though the possessor of untold heaps of *money* !

* * * * *

Israel Torriano passed into Belgium and came to England ; he had missed somehow the young lady on his way ; and had never again seen her. Again and again the bright face, would peep at him, and the pretty full mouth ask : 'Are you Italian ?' He, so unimpassioned to great beauty before ; he who had remained callous to Rebecca, to Zillah, to the handsome young nun, to the seductive French Countess, he began to feel the charm of a plain child of nature, who said what she meant and said it boldly ; not courting him, not caring whether she caught his attention or not.

Israel was not a man spoilt by too much contact with women ; his feelings once engaged, they were fresh and strong, they carried him away from himself, they overpowered him. That young face haunted him ; it sat by him, spoke to him, smiled at him ; he heard its merry laugh, and saw its bright eyes. Israel tried to think of other things, and could not. The ecstatic political visions of his old uncle disappeared in the distance, and there in the foreground she stood, that simple young girl. Oh, must we say it ? Human feelings would have their way ; even Olivet, even Palestine, disappeared—and still the pretty figure kept its place, and obstinately stood before him.

Israel became taciturn, and Pedro was unhappy. The strong personal tie that kept him to his master could not be broken, but his being was elsewhere ; these northern countries were unbearable to his southern nature.

* * * * *

They arrived at the Charing Cross Terminus, and found two carriages waiting for them. How their arrival had been known was a riddle, but an elderly gentleman came up to Israel and requested politely to know if his name was Torriano; if so, would he make use of the carriages that were ready, sent by Baron Torriano, his master. He was the butler of the great house, and Israel found that, from the first moment he put his foot on London ground, he would be a lion. He submitted this time, not to shock his relations, and rolled along the London streets to a fashionable hotel in Piccadilly.

'My master considered you would prefer to be independent of others, and engaged this suite of rooms. He will himself call upon you to-morrow morning.'

Israel said little; he looked around him nervously, and could not help noticing the peculiar appearance of dignity that pervaded the show of wealth. Perhaps here, thought he, the problem of wealth is solved, and it will take the proper place of righteous profusion, while leaving to others the enjoyment of moderate means.

Was Israel mistaken or not? We shall see.

Israel was tired, so was Pedro. Both went early to sleep, and dreamt of being at last in that England, whose name has cast something of a spell over the known world; a spell that is not yet broken.

The next morning came, and with it early a visit from Baron Torriano, an urbane, kindly gentleman, not pompous, not overdressed, but easy, and so conscious of his power that he seemed to care little about it. Just a slight twinkle in his eye, and a scarcely perceptible twitch at the corner of his mouth, showed that he took stock of all around him, appraised it, and turned it to his advantage on the instant.

'Well, cousin, I am happy to see you at last, and in the height of the season. Here we have been waiting for you for months. Old Moses sent us word that you were coming from Jerusalem, and it occasioned a flutter of excitement among all the Jewish families here. Jacob wrote from Naples that you had been with him for one day, that you were a very eccentric personage, and might perhaps pay us a flying visit. Antoine from Paris telegraphed that you were there, but so peculiar in your notions that he could make nothing of you, and that old uncle Torriano had carried you off to Frankfort, but that you would most likely be here some time within a month. For fourteen days have the carriages been at the station, and also the butler with your photograph, surreptitiously taken in Paris without your knowledge; for fourteen days have these rooms been ready for you. So you see we did not mean to part with you so easily. Come now, you must call on my home people, dine with us to-night, and then we will make some nice plans. You will like England, I am sure; you will be surrounded by the best society,

and you shall become acquainted with the very cream of its aristocracy, and the most agreeable sides of its life.'

Israel smiled: 'Suppose, cousin, I do not care for these things.'

'Hem! then you would show bad taste. Thousands can wallow in dirt, but few can live in cleanliness.'

'That's just it,' said Israel, mournfully.

'I don't see it; we belong to the few, instead of the thousands. That is all; suppose in time the thousands will become thinner, the few thicker.'

'Meanwhile'—

'Meanwhile, we must get on as well as we can, and we Torrianos have made a good thing of it, I think.'

'I think so, too. You seem to.'

'And you? Why, Israel, you are made of money; your father coined it by millions: old Moses has hoarded it, and we hope you will spend it.'

'Perhaps; to get rid of it quickly.'

'Oh, no; our race never does that, it is waste. That's the style of foolhardy young English noblemen; we should disdain such paltry ways of spending means.'

'Well, cousin, I'll come to-night; let me first have a look at your London.'

'Just step to the window and glance at my carriage; Can you see elsewhere such blood-horses?'

Israel stepped to the window: as he looked down on the exquisite turn-out, there drove past such a bright open carriage. Two ladies and a boy—he caught sight of them through the window. It was she—she, she, she—it was the face, the mouth, the hair. Israel's blood rushed to his head and heart; his breath came quick and fast; within an instant he dashed open the window, broke a pane with his fist, and stepped on the balcony to bow, and, having excited the attention of the passers by, by the crash of the broken glass, to receive back *such a smile!* The open carriage dashed on, others came up fast to the hotel; Israel stared after the former, not seeing the latter; he turned round at last, with bleeding hand, to see before him his cousin Torriano, with that twinkle in his eye, and to hear announced at the same time 'a Royal Highness,' 'a Grace,' 'the oldest member of the proudest Jewish house in England,' and 'the Lord Mayor,' all come to pay their respects to the great eastern banker, whose fame had been trumpeted all over London.

Israel, astounded at the announcements and assembly before him, bowed, pale and abstracted, scarcely noticing the blood that trickled from the cuts in his hand.

'Just a little weakness, somewhere,' said the cousin to himself, and aloud to Israel:—

‘My dear Israel, you have cut your hand, let us see if there is glass in the wound. Pardon your Royal Highness, pardon your Grace, pardon Sir Moses, pardon my Lord Mayor; we shall be back in a minute.’ The man of all situations led off Israel, half demented with that smile.

[To be continued.]

ACROSS THE SCANDINAVIANS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A PEEP AT THE PYRENEES.'

Most travellers to Norway are well acquainted with the Vöring Foss, and even those among us who have never visited that wonderful land of peaks and falls are tolerably familiar with its name and repute. The renowned waterfall forms, indeed, one of the principal sights of the Scandinavian district, and from its convenient approximation to the beautiful Hardanger Fjord is, at anyrate, from one point, very comeatable by tourists. While, however, this queen of fountains receives such universal homage, it is rare, I believe that travellers explore the broad highlands beyond, and trace out the torrent towards its source, where a whole series of magnificent falls are to be met with ; none of these, can it is true, compare with the Foss as regards height, being in fact rather cascades than waterfalls, but for true grandeur they are perhaps without parallel. One of them in particular, some ten miles above the Vöring Foss is a veritable mammoth fall, emitting a volume of spray that hangs over the spot like a cloud, to be seen miles away.

It was to explore these falls, as also more particularly for the purpose of making our way from the Hardanger Fjord to the Hallingdal Valley and Southern Christiania Road, that determined our party of five pedestrians, all well practised in mountaineering, to push past the Vöring Foss and to attempt the high level pass, plainly marked in the principal Norwegian maps. Our path was indicated on the chart by a single line, with habitations now and then upon the route, and as the lakes and streams appeared carefully noted down, the way, we thought could scarcely be mistaken, even if the beaten track were not invariably followed ; a good compass formed part of our equipment, for the value of this little instrument, as every pedestrian knows, cannot be too highly eeteemed in mountain excursions ; and it being still early in July, when uninterrupted daylight prevails throughout the twenty-four hours, no chance of being benighted was to be feared.

Shortly before eight o'clock, then, after a refreshing bath in the Har-

danger, we left the miserable little inn at Vik, where the landlord, by-the-by, only requires a little persuasion to abate a good deal of his exorbitant charges, and started on our way; a short walk led to the banks of the Saebo lake, across which we were ferried to the village of that name and thence commenced our actual journey. Our knapsacks contained besides a change of clothing, one full day's provisions, together with a good supply of Liebig's extract of meat: a stout biscuit-tin to serve as soup kettle, mess utensils, and other articles necessary for cooking were not forgotten.

We were not long in reaching the Vöring Foss. It is a stiff climb to the waterfall, as all visitors know, up a very wall of a mountain and then across a barren table land, and a sharp drifting rain that shot into the eyes like grey peas from a shooter, contributed to render this march less agreeable than it might have been; however, the shower had this advantage, that it took off our attention for the nonce from any difficulties to be surmounted, and by the time, too, that the Foss was reached, the weather had cleared a bit, so that a good view of the mighty waterfall was vouchsafed us. A mass of spray and foam dashes over the cliff with desperate force, and falling into space disappears altogether from the spectators' view, although the noise of the roaring water beneath, and the cloud of vapour that rises to the brim of the awful cauldron, conveys to the shuddering senses a vivid idea of the elemental strife below.

At the shepherd's hut near the Vöring Foss we were provided with a meal of fladbröd and milk. This fladbröd, with which travellers to Norway soon become on intimate terms, is an exceedingly thin rye or oat cake, prepared in discs some two or three feet in diameter, such as a mathematician might describe as breadth without thickness, being in truth so papery in consistence, as to be capable of being folded into sheets like ordinary cardboard. It is said to keep good for six months together, and therefore the operation of bread-making is of but rare occurrence, reams upon reams of the edible stationery being prepared on the occasion of a family baking. To the taste it is not unpleasant, but the annoying part of the matter is, that if at all hungry, one becomes tired of eating long before the stomach is satisfied. Quire after quire may be consumed until the lips become parched and the jaws weary, while one's hunger still remains unappeased. How much more to be preferred is a mouthful even of the blackest bread, for here at any rate there is something into which the teeth can enter, and the stomach appreciate and catch hold of.

From the Vöring Foss we continued our journey in a south-easterly direction, the way in front appearing exceedingly clear and well defined. We were in the first instance, so our map told us, to

cross the stream and then to keep on steadily by its banks all the way to Maursaet, a hamlet or group of huts some seven or eight miles ahead. The path was not much trodden it is true, but still the route was straightforwad enough for we knew that as long as the torrent was kept on the right hand, we must necessarily be upon the proper track. Cascade after cascade was passed, some of them of marvellous beauty, and really if the pedestrian desires to go no further, it well repays the fatigue of a couple of hours' walk to witness the 'Grandes Eaux,' that are always playing hereabouts, despite the sad want of patronage bestowed upon them. And let the traveller take care to approach as near the foot of the cascades as possible, for it is only in this way that their grandeur can be fully realised ; indeed, at the risk of uttering oft-repeated advice, I would say that this rule holds good with all waterfalls, for under these circumstances only do the senses of seeing and hearing combine to impress the mind with the true character and extent of the scene.

It was about five o'clock in the evening when we passed Maursaet, the huts standing out but dimly on our left, by reason of the driving rain that once more began to descend with blinding force, but we were gratified indeed, that the compass had guided us so correctly.

Nybu, the next point, was like Maursaet and other spots we proposed to rest at, marked upon the map with a circular sign, proving them to be, so we imagined, places of some importance, and we pushed on therefore without misgivings in regard to suitable shelter or supply of food. 'Should you feel tired before reaching Nybu,' said a farmer whom we met, 'you can stay the night at a hut of mine one hour this side ;' and then he wrote in my note-book a message to be delivered to his wife : 'These are Englishmen, they are not vagabonds,'—a certificate as to character which we carefully treasured up, in order hereafter, if necessary, to produce undeniable proof of respectability.

We were now fairly upon the mountain plateau, and according to the aneroid barometer, nearly five thousand feet above the level of the sea. In front, as far as we could see, stretched an endless moorland, covered here and there with broad patches of snow, imparting to the landscape the appearance of a gigantic laundry ground. Around on all sides were mountain peaks, some of them with snowy hoods and closely drawn mantles of white, and on our right stretched a broad glacier of vast dimensions. Every now and then there would come up angry clouds, and the landscape darkened, and then down poured the rain heavily upon our devoted heads, and especially upon mine, for my hat unfortunately had parted company from me at the Vöring Foss ; then again the storm would blow over, and we enjoyed pleasant sunshine for an hour or two.

Our manner of proceeding was to march in single file, every man looking out for such landmarks as might be likely to assist our progress or to correspond at all with our map information ; in this way we kept on steadily and with perfect confidence until Maursaet had been left nine or ten miles behind, and then it gradually became apparent that the map was failing us. Broad lakes and swollen torrents appeared around, of which no trace was given on the chart, and the main stream along which our track had hitherto been carried now led straightway into one of the numberless marshy tarns in front and disappeared from view. There was however as yet little to be annoyed at, for at a liberal calculation our destination might still be another mile or two ahead, and if the direction shown in the map could be strictly relied upon, our compass ought to carry us through all right.

For another hour we tramped 'o'er moss and fell.' But the way became more difficult. After a point had been fixed upon in front, it was often a long job to reach it, for besides occasional swamps of an exceedingly risky nature, and ice slopes more or less secure, there were torrents to be crossed of unusual force and swiftness. Indeed, it was just this dodging up and down the banks of the rivulets, seeking for a good crossing that lost us much valuable time, and very frequently jeopardised our bearings. Not, be it understood, that we were at all squeamish about getting our feet wet, or wading even knee-deep into the streams—we were long past that ; our only object in picking and choosing was to find a ford where one would not be altogether washed away, an event which now and again appeared extremely likely, so even at times was our contest with the element.

Our leader, on whom we could all rely implicitly, was entrusted with the compass bearings, but these were always carefully verified and confirmed by the rest before proceeding. A prominence, a gap, or a patch of snow behind would serve as basis, and a further point, well seen in front, was fixed upon as a goal, and agreed to by all as the right direction before starting. The compass was then pocketed, and proceeding in single line we sought to reach the point by the nearest way. But all our leader's efforts to keep us in a straight line were unavailing. One obstacle after another arose to keep us from the chosen direction, and the surmounting of these, as may be supposed, contributed much to alter our bearings.

Once a very serious difficulty barred our progress ; it was a wall of congealed snow, or rather ice, to attain which a broad stream had to be passed. For some time we followed the course of the torrent, seeking for a convenient crossing ; for the ice bank was so high and perpendicular that an attempt to scale it would be dangerous, if not impossible. At last a suitable spot was discovered, where the ice sloped

down to our feet, spanning over, in a great degree, the torrent below, and forming one of those treacherous snow bridges familiar to the Alpine mountaineer. The affair seemed altogether very risky, for the crust of ice was by no means thick, and large cavities showed the rushing stream below undermining the icy structure. However, there was little choice, and after probing the mass, our pioneer cautiously drew himself over the fragile bridge, holding the next man's pole firmly in case of a fall ; the ice fortunately withstood the weight quite well, so one by one we helped each other over the natural viaduct. But all was not over yet, for when the firm slope of ice was reached, the surface was so hard and slippery that we were all in considerable danger of gliding bodily down again. The aid of our alpenstocks was not sufficient for our progress, and as we were unprovided with ice-hatchets or similar tools, we had to cut footsteps in the frozen slope by means of the iron points of the poles, and making use of these foot-holds we succeeded one after another in ascending safely the glassy incline.

Thus we really made but little progress in a straightforward direction. Everyone kept a keen look out for the habitation that was to serve as night quarters, but not a farm or even a hut was visible. The first house or cabin, we decided, whether good or bad, was to be our resting place, and a hot, strong soup, before a roaring fire, should be the reward of our labours, for of this meal we were at any rate certain, seeing that we carried all things fit and ready in our knapsacks. With this prospect before us then we cheered up wonderfully, in a manner indeed as only the anticipation of savoury food can cheer the tired pedestrian, and we continued on in our old S.S.E. course with new freshness and vigour.

It was between nine and ten in the evening that the idea first crossed our minds that we had lost the way. According to my own calculation Nybu should have been reached at least an hour ago, and yet as far as the eye could reach, and that was no inconsiderable distance, there was not a trace of human habitations—only a dreary waste of bog, snow, and rocks. One point after another we left behind us, going on over innumerable wastes of snow, across rushing streams, and through stretches of soft black mire, and mountain swamp. There was nothing to be done but to go wearily forward through the same business over and over again, and this was all the more fatiguing by reason of the dreary unchanging landscape.

Upon one point we were fortunate. There was no night ; and indeed this was an element of safety upon which we had calculated when deciding on our route. At ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, and even at midnight, it was as light as in the evening of a midsummer's day in England, for no marked darkening of the prospect was at all perceptible. The



DRAWN BY HAREINGTON BIRD.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'ACROSS COUNTRY IN NORWAY.'



sun went down, but there never was an absence of light sufficient to justify one in denominating the effect as twilight.

Those who have seen a Norwegian sunset or sunrise, whichever it may be called, for the same phenomenon answers both purposes—will not easily forget the peculiarly gorgeous character of the spectacle. It is not only one portion of the landscape that is lit up by the orb during its temporary retirement, but half a circle almost of the horizon is flushed with the soft luminous halo that affords so charming a background to the mountains, and throws up their rugged outlines sharply in relief. Against the snowy peaks the effect is especially fine, for the lurid colour which flashes up from the horizon threatens, as it were, to dissolve away the glacial masses it supports. The highlands never actually lose the ruddy glow that envelopes them, the rays of sunlight merely becoming modified and changed in tone until they assume a lovely purple bloom; and then the effect again grows more and more vivid, the halo gradually melting to a more golden and brighter hue until the sun itself reappears. Indeed when it is remembered that the sun is hid below the horizon for so short a period, no very appreciable diminution of daylight can of course be felt.

From the eminence on which we were stationed the effect of this midnight sunshine was truly magnificent, and for the time we quite forgot our troubles in the contemplation of the lovely scene. Presently one less thoughtful than the rest called out to us to look at the moon that was now on the point of rising. And presently up rose the luminary; but it was not the moon, it was the fiery sun again that came forth, from the point almost of his descent, and proclaimed that another day had begun, and that we unfortunately had been robbed of a night's rest.

A ration of victuals was now served out, for although individually and collectively we were firmly convinced that the same was quite unnecessary (we told each other we must infallibly reach a habitation now in a very few minutes), still our hunger was such that we eagerly eat up the food. We had been walking briskly since early morning and stood therefore much in need of rest, as in truth our tired eyes would from time to time tell us. A house, a man, a chimney smoking, a herd of cows—all these appeared at intervals before our vision, only however, to assume the form of fantastic rocks and boulders as we approached. Sometimes so plain and distinct would the objects appear that one after another of us confirmed the impression first received; thus a hut would be pointed out somewhere on the slope of a hill and instead of its existence being at once questioned, a second observer would joyfully declare he saw a chimney or door, while a third descried an object moving about in front of the building, and so on. But it always turned out the

same story ; and after a time our disappointments were so frequent, that we one and all forbore to mention our little discoveries.

Thus midnight passed away, and the small hours of the morning began slowly to arrive. No change took place in our prospects, except that if anything the snow slopes were more frequent, and the boggy swamps became transformed into marshy lakes that seemed to bar all further progress, at any rate, in the proper direction ; there was nothing to do but to skirt the margin of these waters, and in doing this I fear the last hold upon our bearings was lost.

Our compass was of no avail, for it pointed right across the dreary water and this of course could not be the way. Look in whatever direction we would, there was nothing but a wilderness of grey moorland covered in parts with those hateful and monotonous stretches of snow, and bordered only with craggy mountain peaks ; an endless waste of rocks, intersected with torrents, lay in front, and beyond the sound of the rushing waters there was nought to be heard but the mournful notes of a marsh bird—a short plaintive whistle that was maintained incessantly both day and night ; this sound was indeed peculiarly dismal and monotonous, rendering desolation more desolate, and exerting a profound depression upon one's spirits.

Two o'clock, three o'clock, four o'clock, passed away and found us still plodding our weary way over the endless plateau ; of provisions we had sufficient to last for upwards of a day, and in that respect therefore the prospect was bright enough. But what was to be feared most of all was the chance of one or other of us being overcome with cold, wet, and fatigue, for the inhospitable plains afforded no place of shelter, and what fuel could be collected was obviously damp, and useless for burning. If but a halt of a few minutes was made, the cold was intense, for so keen was the air that our damp clothing became covered with a white deposit of hoar frost, and one's limbs stiffened with the chill and intense fatigue to such an extent, that there was really no alternative but to keep going. Added to this our stock of brandy was but small, and we feared to diminish it too soon lest a time should come when its aid would be even more urgent than at present. So on we marched, farther and farther still, keeping as good heart as possible and tramping along, in fact, quite mechanically, until an occasional stumble or fall over rock or ice-furrow reminded us of our unenviable condition.

It was approaching five o'clock when our foremost man shouted that he had distinctly heard the neighing of a horse. The fresh hearty manner in which he made the announcement, as also the fact that it was his ears and not his eyes that had been the agent in bringing us hope, filled all with rapture. We stopped and listened eagerly with bated breath.

and sure enough after a short interval the sound was repeated, and this time all were satisfied of its reality. Our eyes we had learnt to distrust long ago, but one's sense of hearing, not being so continuously at extreme tension, could still be relied upon. We followed cautiously in the direction of the sound, and very soon lighted upon a mountain track that was, you may believe, religiously followed; and then in a hollow not half-a-mile distant there was seen an old grey pony, his forelegs tethered together, limping about and neighing in a most pitiable manner. Before we reached the animal, a hut also appeared on the landscape, and this time there was no illusion, for its door and chimney could be well distinguished, as also a stack of fuel, and other indications of inhabitants.

It is impossible to express the delight we felt on seeing a human habitation; it was but a solitary hovel it is true, built of grey boulders such as could have been piled up in a week by half-a-dozen peasants, but the transition from darkness to light could not be more startling than was the welcome change that had suddenly taken place in our condition. Any place of refuge which would shut out from our gaze the dreary wilderness around, was all we longed for and desired, and here before us lay such a haven of rest.

An old man shivering, I fancy as much with fear as with cold, came to the door and pointed out the direction in which our route lay, for we opened negotiations cautiously by requesting intelligence as to our whereabouts. A woman inside the hut, and whom we found out afterwards was in a wooden bed or partition at one corner of the dwelling, kept up a running conversation during the time, being by far the more intelligent of the two, and upon our making another step of progress by requesting a sup of milk, she and her daughter at once descended from their manger and came out to look at us. Some milk was brought to the door, and we then suggested a fire wherewith to warm it; this last request gave rise to some indecision on the part of the host, and by way of cutting short the argument we forthwith made our way through the door and proceeded rather abruptly to take possession.

I don't know how it was, but the knowledge of being once more between four walls after continued personal exertions for upwards of twenty hours seemed to take away at once what energy and strength we still possessed. Two fellow-travellers became, indeed, so ill and exhausted that their condition was a matter of much solicitude, and after a dose of hot milk, well strengthened with extract of meat, they were hoisted into the bed of juniper bushes, which had been but just vacated by the family, and in a few minutes were slumbering heavily. My other two companions and myself, whose health and strength were somewhat better, sat round the fire, which had now begun to blaze up

cheerfully, and we dozed away as well as we could against the sharp, angular stones that composed the walls of the dwelling.

It would have been only too delightful to have stopped at the hut for half-a-dozen hours, but the scarcity of food and absence of all sleeping accommodation proved such a course to be impracticable. We feed our host so heavily that, had he not been a very usurer, and less rheumatic, perhaps, he must have danced about his hearth; but as it happened, the sight of money only excited his cupidity, and did not change his manner towards us; while, however, he was exceedingly anxious to get quit of us, the wife, on the other hand, was a good, tender-hearted body, and seemed unwilling to let us go until we had rested sufficiently. We had passed Nybu altogether, it appeared, and had come off too much to the right, as in fact we felt convinced, and it was now decided to make for Halne—the next habitation marked on the map—without going to Nybu at all. But the question was, how to proceed, for we were now fully determined not to trust to the mountains again without a guide.

It is difficult to say what really would have become of us had we not been fortunate enough to reach this hut, for, being so many miles south of the track, we must have inevitably crossed into the Tellemark district, and journied, probably, another thirty miles before finding shelter; for the mountain refuges are so small and difficult to distinguish in the landscape—being generally a lean-to against some massive boulder, or rough structure of grey stones—that until one approaches very closely, their real character is not apparent. The map had led us to believe that there was, at any rate, a horse-path the whole distance, with hamlets, or sæters, along the line of route, so that, with the additional aid of the compass, the way would be easy enough to find. Moreover, the distance to be travelled from Vik to Hammerboen was exceedingly deceptive, for while sixty miles appeared the limit of the journey on the chart, the actual length, not taking into consideration the deviation we had made, could not have been less than eighty-five or ninety miles.

About eight o'clock, after a halt of nearly three hours therefore, we proceeded on our way. The grey horse that had befriended us so well we determined to take with us, although, I will admit, it was a kindly feeling towards ourselves rather than to the animal that prompted us to this decision. The amount asked for by the man for his own and beast's services to Halne was a couple of dollars, and this sum, although an exorbitant one, we accordingly promised. The distance was said to be a six-hours' walk, and for this reason our guide exhorted us to lose no time in making a start. Besides the draught of milk we had swallowed, nothing could be obtained but a few spoonfulls of rye porridge, which, you may be sure, was eaten almost ravenously, the people

turning a deaf ear to our request for more, which we preferred, in order to husband our own provisions as much as possible.

If not perfectly easy in the stomach, however, the heart was lighter as we set out again, for now there would be no more anxiety in respect to the path. The old shepherd was a capital guide, and although frequently desirous of improving the bargain, and of receiving a slight instalment on account, we got on very well together, he leading the way with the horse and knapsacks at a good round pace.

The mountain air was wonderfully exhilarating. Our stiffened limbs became warm and pliant again with the exercise, and, barring a little discomfort on the score of sore feet, all were in excellent spirits. At starting there was an indescribable repugnance against putting one's dry feet into the swamps and slushy snow through which we passed, but the feeling was only momentary, for there soon came bogs as deep and torrents as swift as any we had crossed the day before. There was no help for it; it was the same thing over and over again. Up to the knees, almost, went our legs into the black mire, to be speedily washed again by the swift mountain rivers. In this particular, however, the horse was of much service in helping one across the water; two of us went over at a time, one remaining on the further bank while the other returned to fetch another passenger, and in this manner we crossed streams which otherwise would have proved almost impracticable on foot. Sometimes, it is true, the horse and his riders seemed in considerable danger of rolling over into the noisy rapids, but the animal was a trusty and sure-footed beast, and evidently well used to the work.

After a three-hours' march, we halted opposite a magnificent glacier, so extensive in character that it entirely covered the side of one vast range, the ice sweeping down in beautiful masses of white crystals. It was certainly the finest specimen of Norwegian ice scenery we had yet beheld, and the panoramic effect was of surpassing grandeur. Similar in form to the elongated Mont Blanc range, the outline was flatter, and with fewer points and pinnacles, as if the irregularities of the summit had been softened down by the deposition in the cavities of masses of snow. In front, and in perfect keeping with the scene, was a suitable foreground, formed of a broad, still lake with snowy banks, and the appearance of the whole lit up in the sunshine was exceedingly fine.

Provisions were here unpacked, and a ration of bread and sausage served out with strict fairness and impartiality, the guide, of course, receiving his due share. This was the first solid meal that had been eaten since leaving Vik on the morning of the day before, and although not hungry at first, the sight of the food soon brought on an appetite.

There was little to drink, but the bracing air, as also the dripping state of our garments, rendered such a proceeding almost unnecessary.

A walk of about eighteen miles brought us to Halne, a hut scarcely eight feet square, and so low that it was impossible to stand upright therein. It was inhabited at the time by five men in charge of flocks of sheep that move about during the summer in search of the scanty pasturage, and our arrival proved quite an event for them. Obviously there was not room enough for both them and us in the cabin at one time, so while we squatted on the floor, they crowded at the entrance to look on. The question of sleeping accommodation could not, of course, under these circumstances, be entertained; and as to food, we were at once given plainly to understand that none was to be had. A small sack of rye flour was, in fact, the only source of food in the hut, and of this a water porridge was made, and eaten, with salt and goat's milk, by the men in our presence. Even a bowl of this mess was refused us, so precious and rare were provisions in that deserted spot.

Close to the hut is situated the Halne lake, a broad expanse of water, of which some portion is generally frozen. In the sunlight the sloping green pasture land and grazing cattle looked quite homely and pastoral, affording a pleasing contrast to the numberless bleak and marshy tarns to be seen around. The snow too, hereabouts, was very thick, and sweeps down the mountain sides in large masses, thus tending to soften much their otherwise rugged outlines.

It was evident we could not remain long at Halne, so information was sought for as to the next stage of the journey. There was a cabin, it appeared, eight miles further on, but with no people in it; at another hut, however, double that distance, there was, we were assured, good shelter and food to be had, as many as three families actually living there. Despite our fatigue therefore, and the lateness of the hour—for it was now nearly four o'clock—we were compelled to further exertion, and to push on for another sixteen miles. Dinner was served out in economical proportions from our slender stock, and we enjoyed to the fullest extent the scanty meal. Surely enough, the food we carried was fast coming to an end, for though there was still extract of meat and compressed beef tea in plenty, the bread and biscuit were ebbing rapidly, and two more full rations would determine the end of our solid food. As we had but little rest, food was, of course, all the more imperative to keep up bodily strength, and it was truly a hard matter to keep from sleeping, even when at meals. One by one we dropped off, quite unable to keep our weary eyes open, and it required all the energy and resolution in the world to strap on our knapsacks and to start off again on the tramp.

This time a fresh guide accompanied us—a stout, broad-shouldered young fellow—who did not fail to profit by the hint given by our former cicerone. Two dollars was again to be paid for the guide during the next sixteen miles—a sum of money which otherwise would not have been earned in a month. However, there was no choice, and, doubtless, a large portion of the reward would have to be divided among the other occupants of the hut, who listened with wrapt attention and delight to the terms of the bargain. I may mention, by the way, that we had in this case, as on many previous occasions, sought to gain the good-will of our friends by judicious presents of English fishing-hooks and sewing-needles, and although, as a rule, the donations were highly appreciated, they did not, in the present instance, move the recipient, except in so far as to cause him to shake the giver warmly by the hand—a quaint and universal custom of expressing thanks among the peasant classes in Norway, and participated in even by beggars when the objects of charity.

There was only one incident of importance in the next stage of the journey, but it is one I shall never forget. The way led across a strip of land between two lakes, one of which was at some height above the other, and it was the crossing of some rapids communicating between the two that was the circumstance to which I refer. With my inexperienced eyes I should at once have said that the fording of a stream of this magnitude was a human impossibility. Though not very broad, its velocity was terrific, and so deep was the water that it reached to the thighs of a well-grown man. The guide crossed first, to demonstrate that the thing was really practicable; then our broad-shouldered leader ventured into the foam, and slowly and firmly made the journey across, but at every step he gradually but surely was borne in a slanting direction downwards with the stream, and escaped the deep rocky basin by a margin of but a few feet only. This gave all the rest confidence, but it was some time before courage enough could be mustered to make the venture. Vainly did we look above and below the spot for a more favourable crossing, and on many occasions, as it will always happen, believed we had found such an one, until on near approach the stream was discovered to be by no means so narrow and tranquil as from a distance it seemed. There was no other alternative left, if we did not wish to retrace our steps from the very commencement, but to ford in this particular spot, and certainly was only sheer compulsion that made us undertake the task. Wading into the water as high up the bank as we could, so as to allow as much margin for drifting as possible, we stepped into the whirling water, which at once seemed to grasp the feet with the strength of a dozen hands, and to draw the ankles firmly and surely downwards every time a step was made in the icy foam. The rushing of the stream,

too, caused the head to swim and to turn giddy, and one positively felt a longing—a sort of fascination—to throw oneself backwards and abandon oneself dreamily to the persuasive embraces of the rapids. A friendly pole was stretched out from the opposite bank, and it was not until this was tightly clutched, and one was fairly dragged from the sucking torrent, that the senses of hearing and seeing completely returned. How truly thankful we were at the result only men in our position can understand.

Passing over a broad ravine, filled with snow, brought us to the first hut,—a lot of loose stones roughly placed in position,—into which we had to creep on all fours. There certainly were no people in it, and so little room, in fact, that the wooden partition that served as door could not be closed without inconvenience when all were inside. Two of us, who were the least fatigued, gathered some fuel together, and soon made up a cheerful fire, the cracks and crevices, of which there were no lack, securing a singularly good draught for the purpose. A tin full of snow was put upon the embers, and, by means of some extract, broken biscuit, and mushrooms and sorrel (of which we had gathered a large quantity the day before), we prepared a cauldron of boiling hot soup so readily that our companions, who were by this time nestling in a corner fast asleep, were loth to believe in its existence.

The savoury mess picked us up wonderfully when we set out to do the last stage of the day's journey, hopeful of a good night's rest—perhaps upon a truss of soft hay—and, at all events, of a bowl of rye porridge. We went along famously, keeping up at the heels of the guide, and surprising him much with our new-found energy. Mile after mile, and hour after hour, were left behind, and still we kept on, without stopping once, buoyed up with a hearty belief that our troubles were at last at an end, and that we should presently be able to rest and recruit to our fullest desire.

A gap in the mountain soon presented the welcome form of another hut, larger, indeed, than those we had just visited, but still rough and unpromising enough, goodness knows. Something, too, struck us that all was not right. Everything was silent and still; no smoke was to be seen issuing from the chimney; no cattle were visible; and altogether a very ominous quiet prevailed. Our guide had no need to look into the hut and to shake his head as he muttered '*ikke folk*,' for we had long ago come to the conclusion that there were no people, and consequently no food. Remonstrances were, of course, of no avail, so we made the best of a bad bargain, and took possession of our new quarters. According to the guide, whose inventive faculties were largely developed, there was another habitation yet, one hour's march further on, where people would certainly be found; but not only was our confidence in him much

shaken, but it was, furthermore, simply impossible for us to go on, so distressed were we from our double day's march and want of food. All the persuasions and even commands of the guide were of no use, for having now a tolerable roof over our heads, we resolved not to budge one inch until we had taken some rest; so after due payment and the inevitable shake of the hand, we parted, our Hardy Norseman being resolved to go elsewhere for night quarters.

The mansion improved on acquaintance. The mud floor was covered in part with juniper bushes, which, though damp and scrubby enough, afforded a good resting-place. A door was found, and, after a little carpentering, this was skilfully hung in its proper place. The fire arrangements were complete, the open chimney-work allowing of our alpine staffs being stretched across for drying the wet clothing; and as to furniture, why there was a wooden bench that made a capital table. Of fuel there was little to be found, for the scanty mountain brushwood, when burned, only blazes and gives out a sudden heat, failing to yield any lasting embers; but this point, as also the fact of there being by far too much ventilation, were the only two circumstances productive of uneasiness. Our boots and nether garments were, of course, sopping wet, so these had to be removed before lying down, and then every available rag of clothing was donned to keep out the piercing cold. The fire was soon lit, and two tins of water, the one for cooking and the other for ablutionary purposes, having been fetched from a small lake at our feet, we proceeded to make our evening soup in the accustomed manner. Some broken biscuit and sausage were put in to thicken the potage as much as possible, but we could allow ourselves nothing to eat with it, so exhausted was our stock of bread. Indeed, after compelling every one 'to declare' the contents of his wallet, there was found sufficient for a limited meal in the morning only, and then the reserve would consist of but two small luncheon biscuits each. I verily believe that on that very evening any one of us could readily have eaten the entire stock we collectively mustered, without being in any way inconvenienced by such a meal.

To rest we went, but not to sleep. We all laid down together in a huddled heap, vainly seeking in this way to keep away the cold, but it is no use. First a chilling draft at one's feet, then a cold in the neck, then the cramp, and, worst of all, a shivering or agueish fit throughout the frame—all combined to keep our eyes from closing. Musquitos, which had been our bane for many days previously, were unable, fortunately, to withstand the dense smoke that filled the cabin, so, at all events, we were rid of that evil at least. One or other of us was on the alert during the night to attend to the fire and to keep a sort of look-out in case of intruders, as in these

mountain huts there is always apprehension of the rightful, or perhaps wrongful, owner turning up, and, very possibly, insisting either upon one's departure, or an unlimited tribute of backsheesh. For while, in all probability, these refuges constitute a sort of common property to harbour herdsmen or travellers, no doubt foreigners like ourselves would have to pay a good footing if found located upon such premises.

Considering, therefore, intrusion by no means improbable, we were not greatly surprised in being disturbed by a call that some one was outside the hut. We attended patiently, but no one entered; the lookout, however, stated positively that, through a chink in the wall, he had observed a man pass and repass two or three times. Matters looked serious, and we were all completely aroused; for might it not be that our guide, having been handsomely paid, and knowing us to be in possession of untold dollars, had come back again with a friend or two to procure some more eggs from the golden goose. Being a goodly number, we were in no way nervous in respect to an encounter, but at the same time it was prudent, no doubt, to be well on our guard. Suspicion was, however, soon dispelled, for, on a closer investigation, we found the cause of disturbance to be due to a bush waving to and fro in the daylight before a crack in the wall. Wishes and exhortations of a particularly pronounced character were hurled at the devoted head of our gallant sentinel on the discovery of this mistake, and once more we composed ourselves to sleep.

In this way the weary hours passed away, the cold becoming more acute as the morning advanced, for our supply of fuel began to fail, and we were perforce compelled to burn a portion of our bed furniture to warm our shivering limbs. The damp from the bushes seemed to penetrate to one's very bones, and gave rise to pains of cramp and rheumatism which could only be dispelled by an occasional course of gymnastics, so that our rest was far from smooth and unbroken. Presently the warning came again that some one was approaching, and this time there really could be no doubt about the matter, for footsteps coming towards the hut were distinctly audible. All became once more on the alert, and we waited anxiously the issue of affairs. The person outside made straight for the door and knocked, whereupon the impediment placed before the partition was pushed on one side and we bade the stranger enter. But it was only our guide come back again, bearing on his shoulders a fir tree of decent proportions to serve as fuel. Both he and his burden were welcomed, and in a few minutes the fire was again burning in right good style.

The guide had gone on to the next hut, and had found it, like our own, quite deserted; so after resting a short while he had returned with

the twofold object of obtaining something to eat, and of tendering his services for the next day's walk. It was very trying to be compelled to give up to him food which could be ill spared, especially as it was only the afternoon previously that we had been curtly refused a mouthful by himself and companions. And this was not all, for knowing there was no one else in the neighbourhood to act as guide he at once doubled his demand of yesterday, and requested as much as four dollars to take us to Tufto, nineteen miles distant, and not far from Hammerboen, our destination. This amount however, we stoutly refused to pay, and it was not until we resolved to dispense with his services altogether, and had started on our way alone, that he consented to come to reasonable terms.

Our morning soup and thin slice of bread consumed, we began our third day's journey with a stock of food not weighing in all half-a-pound. We had enjoyed not more than four hours' actual sleep before setting out, but the fact that we had now desisted from walking for five or six hours had rendered us quite competent to proceed. Forward we went across the highlands, our way beset with the same bogs, the same snow drifts, and the same rushing waters, of which we had had so much experience; indeed, it was the same thing continually over and over again. Past another stone cabin—desolate and deserted like the last—and then—oh, goddess of plenty! we sighted a little sæter, or shepherd's hut, hospitably placed on the mountain side.

For the first time this three days we were enabled to satisfy our hunger and to eat without stint, and the large bowl of milk porridge that the good woman of the house prepared especially for us, was a meal of the most *recherché* kind. Cream too, there was in abundance, and you may be assured with these good things at command, we did not stop once in our devotions until such a course was simply imperative. Never shall I forget that meal, and never in truth may I want another so much. A present of money and sewing needles put our hostess into as delighted a frame of mind as we ourselves were, and we departed on our way with a store of strength and energy that seemed unlimited.

It was not long before we sighted Tufto at the head of the Hallingdal Valley and dismissed our guide, for thence to Hammerboen, about nine miles, there was a well-marked road. We were half inclined to punish the man for his exorbitant demands, by deducting from his earnings the price, to us, of the breakfast he had eaten, and which in sober earnest we could ill afford to give him. But the satisfaction at being so near the end of our journey outweighed any angry feelings we may have entertained, so with a moral lesson read in our best Norske, he was sent home rejoicing.

The last part of our march into Hammerboen was not, I will admit, a

very smart performance, but if ever weary souls enjoyed a night's rest, it was certainly on that evening when our party turned into the little village inn, and casting ourselves down upon the mattresses in the common room, fell at once into a sleep that lasted fourteen mortal hours.

H. B. P.

A BILLET AT CARRIGAHINCH.

WE had been expecting a move for some time, and at last the order came. We were to start at dawn next day for Dublin, *en route* for Scotland. It was unanimously resolved that we should make a night of it—not to go to bed at all in fact, so that we might the more fully enjoy the company of Captain Jack. We determined to detain him till the very last moment.

Notwithstanding the perpetual drain upon his resources since our arrival, he was brimful as ever of anecdote and fun; but there was on this occasion a mutual feeling of regret at parting, which each of us endeavoured vainly to conceal, and which saddened us somewhat.

I proposed a round of toasts in due form, and at last, when I considered him equal to a sustained effort, I toasted *him*.

‘Gentlemen,’ said I, ‘a full bumper! Fill! I give you the guest of this and of many pleasant evenings: “The health of Captain Jack, of ours.” May we meet again, and that soon. When the time arrives for each of us to retire from the service, may our actions shed an equal lustre upon the regiment, and our successors keep our memories as green as we shall keep his.’

There was a pause after due honours had been paid. The captain rose to his feet uneasily.

‘Confound it!—don’t you know,’ he said; ‘’pon my life and credit I feel quite unequal to the occasion—I do indeed. I don’t deserve it. I am sure I shall miss you all most confoundedly—a deuced deal more, I dare say, than you will readily believe. I can’t make a speech, you know, and what’s more, I don’t mean to try. You young fellows are so much better up to that sort of thing than we old stagers. I pledge you my word, old as I am, I never made a speech in my life, and I’m not going to make an ass of myself at the end of my days. You must excuse me.’

We did excuse him, but we did so on the implied understanding that he was to give us some more of his military experience in Ireland before the night was out.

‘Meanwhile,’ said I, ‘here’s to the memory of the faithful, the matchless Tim!’

‘Ah!’ sighed the captain, thoughtfully and solemnly filling his glass, ‘here’s to him with a heart and a half! “I ne’er shall look upon his like again!”’

Sadly, but withal steadily, he raised the wine to his lips, gazed for an instant into the empty glass as he replaced it on the table, helped himself to a fresh cigar from my case, and took a light from the hand of his next neighbour.

‘Did I ever tell you anything about Carrigahinch?’ he inquired, during the preliminary puffs.

‘Never,’ said I; ‘we have only a promise that you would do so.’

Leisurely he took the cigar now from his mouth, turned it to see if it was well aglow, replaced it between his lips—giving it a few rapid twirls with his finger and thumb as he did so—took one long whiff, and then began.

‘We were quartered there, I remember, for three or four months after we left the west. It was a little town in the north—the “black north,” as Tim called it. He wasn’t comfortable there, neither was I—to tell you nothing but the plain honest truth. We had to put up with an old building called the fever hospital, which was attached to the workhouse—there were no better quarters to be had.

‘The place was a hot-bed of Orangeism, and we were sent there just before the July “Anniversaries,” as they are called. There are two of these in that month—on the first and on the twelfth. The authorities anticipated riots, and sent us there as a precautionary measure.

‘The population consisted of about a third who shouted “To hell with King William!” and two-thirds who shouted “To hell with the Pope!”

‘It was quite an uncommon thing to see a soldier in Carrigahinch. There was a tradition that a troop of horse once galloped through the main street—in at one end and out at the other—in the “troubled times;” but the oldest inhabitant had not seen an entire company actually quartered there. Now a great and striking change had come over this little community. They had begun to hate one another for the love of God. It was found necessary some time before our arrival to appoint a permanent resident magistrate for the district, and he was kept busy every court day in trying to settle cases arising out of party riots. From having been a sane, sober, steady-going people, they became suddenly rabid and wild, and the worst features of party intolerance and party strife began to manifest themselves.

‘All this arose from a very simple and apparently harmless transaction. The newly-appointed parish priest had a “mission,” and invited two Dominican fathers to preach at Carrigahinch. On these occasions the

proceedings are rather sensational. There is confession, absolution, exhortation, solemn vows of amendment and repentance are made, and a powerful and earnest preacher—as one of these fathers undoubtedly was—has for the time an enormous power over an excitable Irish congregation. The immediate result of these gatherings is always beneficial; you find less drunkenness, less debauchery of every kind. But the change is in its nature spasmodic, and its effect is in the main transitory. Human nature is only human nature, to the end of the chapter. Precisely the same sort of thing, under a different name, had been going on among the Protestants—sensational prayer meetings or “revivals,” introduced by the Rev. Mr. McGosh. The whole population was drunk from excessive spiritual dram-drinking. The few sober and discreet among them kept wisely in the background, while the froth and scum boiled over.

‘Matters were brought to a crisis by the erection of a large wooden cross in the chapel yard, commemorating the visit of the Dominican fathers. The religious convictions of a party of Orangemen returning from church were so outraged by the spectacle of an old woman kneeling at the foot of this cross, offering up her prayers, and perhaps renewing her vows, that, in their zeal, they pelted her with clods and stones. Next day they were somewhat astonished to find themselves severely punished by the new magistrate, who was immediately branded as a Papist in disguise. He was no more that than I am; but a blunt, honest, fearless, sensible, even-handed gentleman (as I soon found out), honestly accepting the broad truths of religion which admit the possibility that there are priests and parsons who will enter heaven, as surely as that there are priests and parsons who will not. ‘That’s what plays the deuce with a fine country, sir,’ said the Captain, rather confusedly. But we all understood him.

‘You mean religious discord?’ I interrupted.

‘I mean religious *balderdash*!’ he replied, striking the table with his fist—a habit of his when he wished to add emphasis to his remarks; ‘I mean confounded religious *bosh*—between man and man.’

‘That’s the real Irish difficulty,’ I remarked.

‘Of course it is,’ said he; ‘it’s at the bottom of all our misfortunes.’

‘I vote we don’t enter into it,’ said I. ‘It is as abstruse a question, to all appearance, now, as it was a hundred years ago. We’ll shirk it. We can’t settle it in one night.’

‘In one night!’ he retorted. ‘Look here! By the living Jingo, I’d settle it in less than five minutes, and prove it in one generation of ——’

‘If it was left to you.’

‘Just so—if it was left to me; denominational education, and all the rest of it into the bargain. I’d just add a common clause to all the

Christian creeds professed in Ireland, declaring that any man might be saved who followed, honestly, any one of them just as well as another. I'd insist on every child being taught *that*, at all events; and every father, priest, or parson who objected to it should have three months' hard labour!

We let the argument go by default, and assented without opposition or prejudice, for obvious reasons. It was a subject, evidently, upon which his mind was made up; and when an Irishman's mind is made up, it is just as well not to disturb it—if you wish to consult your own ease. I speak as a 'native, to the manor born.'

'Well, gentlemen,' he continued, 'the magistrate had a temporary triumph. The Orangemen were punished, but they had their revenge; for, the following night the cross was cut up into square bits, which were piled in a heap and left there, by some person or persons unknown, as the phrase is, and who were never discovered from that time to this.'

'It must have required some skill,' said I, 'to keep a fellow of Tim's temperament out of scrapes in such a place as Carrigahinch.'

'Scrapes! Confound it; that's a mild word,' responded the Captain. 'If he had been a soldier, the consequences might often have been serious; but, fortunately, he was only a retainer in quite a civil capacity—my servant, in fact. When he got into difficulties, he was always brought before the town authorities, instead of a Court Martial. It was generally a case of fine; and as I had to pay, he did not mind enjoying himself.'

'The very next night after our arrival he was locked up. A policeman came with the news to me while I was at breakfast, and I started off immediately to hear the case, which had been on some time when I got in. It was the result of a public-house row. An assault was clearly proved, in which Tim got the best of it, for he always contrived to keep himself sober.'

'“Now,” said the magistrate, addressing him, “you may consider it most fortunate that your position is not more serious. You have had a narrow escape. This is your first offence, as far as I am aware, and ——”'

'“Yes, your worship, by raisin it's my first visit,” said Tim, apologetically, “I only kem yesterday.”'

'“Do you know anybody in the town?”'

'“Divil a wun I was regularly introduced to yet but your honour.”'

'“Is there no one who will speak to your character, or go bail for you?”'

'Tim hesitated: it was a critical moment. I advanced from the rear of the court to the bench. I was in uniform, and the crowd made way for me, out of curiosity as much as anything else.'

"Arrah! Captain, darlin'," shouted Tim, "More power! Sure, didn't I make up the mare before I stirred out?"

"I spoke a few words in his behalf, which had the desired effect.

"You'll be more cautious for the future, I hope, said the magistrate; "let this be a warning to you. I am determined to allow no party expressions here—mind that." You must hide your proclivities or ——"

"My what, your worship? That's a very scare word."

"If you wish to express your sentiments about King William, you had better not do it in such a way as to render yourself liable to be brought before me again. I fine you five shillings. Call the next case."

The next case was called; but, before Tim could get out he was surrounded by the idlers in court, who got him into a red-hot rage by bantering him.

"You'll let King Billy alone for awhile, I'll take my davy," said one.

Tim retorted, in an unmistakeable Kerry brogue, and at the top of his voice—"Why would I? To hell with him, the owld reprobate! Get out of my road, or I'll ——."

"Bring that man up again," shouted the magistrate, rising to his feet. "I fine you now, sir, an additional five shillings."

There was a shout of laughter.

"Long life to your honour," responded Tim.

"Silence!" said the magistrate, or I'll have the court cleared. I can't allow such unseemly exhibitions. Look you here, sir, I have a great mind to fine you separately for each of the five assaults. What would you say to that?"

"Well, that would be too expinsive intirely, your worship," replied Tim, going down this time very meekly; "but there's no charge for sintiments, I suppose, your worship?"

"That depends on how you express them."

"Well, thin," said he, making good his retreat towards the door, "barrin' the cost, your worship, I THINK SO STILL." And he vanished as the last word was uttered.

"Tim," said I, as we walked back together, "I don't mind ten shillings now and again; but I must warn you, once for all, that if you don't keep yourself quiet in Carrigahinch, it will be absolutely out of my power to retain you in my service. It is as much as my commission is worth to run the risks I am running every day. Confound you! We are in a most ticklish position here, and will have to be on our guard."

"Ticklish, is it Captain; worse than that by long chalks! It bates the divil—saving your presence—and 'tisn't for want of religion naither."

"What's that got to do with it?" I inquired.

"Sure there's the chapel and a church, and a power of praitching-

houses besides. The place is alive wid 'em, so it is. I counted nine of 'em I'm cartain sure."

"The more the merrier, I suppose," said I, not paying much attention at the moment.

"Bedad, may be so! But, sure, Captain, I never heard tell of more than two religions in Ballybog, where I was reared. Father Welsh, and the minister had it all between themselves."

"There are a great many more than that," said I; "how do you make it out?"

"Make it out, is it? Aisy enough. Catholics and Protestants—that's all they had in Kerry."

"Every one who doesn't go to Mass, Tim, is a Protestant," I exclaimed.

"Faix, may be so," he exclaimed, "but there's *only wan*' right church at all events—the other is like the owld woman that had so many childer she didn't know what to do—and all of 'em fighting like a pack of red devils."

"I'm not going to argue the point with you," said I, "and I'd advise you not to argue it with anybody else while you're here. Take my advice and keep yourself quiet. Sergeant Skinner is quite at home in Carrigahinch; and I see that, in spite of my wishes, he has taken to preaching again."

"Sure enough," said Tim, "I saw him out last night, arm in arm with owld McGosh—him that used to be ranting in Crokehampton, long ago."

"I remember. It strikes me very forcibly Tim that you'll get your head broke before a week is out."

"Bruck, is it! bad luck to the stick in the parish that's able to brake it. Don't be in dread, divil a dint they'll put in it."

"I hoped not, quite as fervently on my own account as on his; but I had misgivings as I parted with him. I left him reading a huge placard on the pier, which announced in large capitals the fact that the Rev. Mephibosheth McGosh would next day deliver an open air discourse on the errors of Popery, taking for his subject "Prayers for the dead."

"I went in to my quarters. The local newspaper, just out, fresh and damp, lay on my table; it had been sent without solicitation on my part, I therefore naturally concluded that it contained something unpleasant, and intended expressly for my eye. I was right. The leading article consisted of a bitter attack upon the Government for sending us to Carrigahinch at all. It went on to say that nearly all the men were Papists, and that of the three officers in command, one was hopelessly ill (this was poor Denis), another was a Papist, and a third, this was me, nothing in particular—only luke-warm, or something like that. It wound

up by calling upon all the good and true men of Carrigahinch to assert their rights to assemble in their might, and a lot more to the like effect; and it called upon me to see that McGosh was protected from mob violence in the exercise of an undoubted right. Evidently Sergeant Skinner was at the bottom of the whole business; he owed me a grudge for endeavouring to stop his preaching in the regiment. I wished him and McGosh at the deuce, and made up my mind for the worst. I had serious thoughts of keeping Tim a prisoner altogether, till the storm had blown over, if I could see my way to it, but I couldn't.

'We held a council of war after dinner, over our punch. There was no time to be lost, that was clear; and that was about all the conclusion we could come to after our deliberations.

"Suppose we send for Tim," suggested Wilkins, "and give him a caution."

"I gave him that this morning," I replied.

"Give him a tumbler of punch then," said Denis. "You may as well have him up at all events and hear what he says. You may be sure he has been out."

'The news he brought us was not reassuring. The town was filling rapidly. People were pouring in from all sides. I threw up the window. The distant hum was clearly audible from where we sat—a noise as of many voices and of many feet.

"Bedad, sir, there's every prospect of a good day's divarshun, and no mistake. The raal fighting min won't be in, I'm towld, till after dark; but there's a power of *spectators* there already. I overheard a party saying that Mr. McGosh wanted to swear some informations that he was in dread of his life. The magistrate said it was all humbug, and McGosh is coming to see you."

"The devil he is!" said I.

"It's best to be on the look out, any way, sir. Maybe it's not alone he'll be; he might have a gathering after him."

"He'll not have time to come to-morrow," said Denis; "his hands will be full."

"Shure he has time to-night, sir," replied Tim.

"My mind is made up," said I. "Look here, I'll just confine all the men to the barracks."

"To the workhouse, you main, sir."

"Well, to the workhouse. I'll not let a man out to-morrow for love or money, unless we are sent for by the authorities. Tell Sergeant Skinner—or, stay; I'll write it, and you may deliver it at once, Tim."

'I wrote, ordering the sergeant to send out at once a strong picket of the guard, and to bring in forthwith all stragglers; afterwards to close

the gates, and keep the soldiers in till further directions from me. I folded this order, and gave it to Tim for delivery.

“And see here; tell him to place an extra sentry on duty at the back entrance leading out of the long blank wall at the rear. There's no thoroughfare there, but it is just as well to be on the safe side. There's an old watchman's box in the yard of the workhouse; have it brought to the back gate, and post a man in it. Can I trust you?”

“Trust *me* is it! Shure it is not *me* you're trusting at all, but the sergeant,” said Tim. “You might trust *me* if the divil was at the hall door, captain.”

“Well, just deliver the letter, and I'll leave the rest to you. See that no one is admitted to-night.”

“Faix, we can't keep out McGosh. He has a free pass from the Boord of Guardians to visit the sick paupers any time at all, bad luck to him!”

“Don't let anyone in with him, at all events. See that he comes by himself.”

“All right, sir. Good night, gentlemen.”

We kept it up rather late, not caring to retire till the noise outside had somewhat abated. I hadn't been in bed half an hour when I heard Tim's voice. He was evidently in altercation with someone, but as he was also indulging in occasional snatches of song, I concluded that nothing serious had occurred. I did not discover the whole truth till he told me himself all about it afterwards.

It appeared that McGosh *did* turn up about midnight. Tim slept in the loft over the stable at the end of the long passage, and quite close to my quarters. He was sitting at the window, in the dark, smoking his last pipe previous to turning in, when he caught sight of the reverend gentleman, just as he was rounding the workhouse square under his window. Tim whistled; there was an answering whistle from the gate at the end of the passage, which he seemed to understand. He put his hand on the window-sill, and easily vaulted to the ground. The night was rather dark, but clear: there was no mistake about his man—he'd have sworn to McGosh among a thousand on a darker night than this.

“Halt!” shouted Tim, “or, be jabers, I'll be afther putting a bullet through you! Who goes there?”

“A friend,” responded McGosh, obeying the command.

“Stand and give the countersign!” said Tim.

“I don't know it,” replied McGosh.

“And how dare you show your ugly nose here without it? That's sudden death, *at wanst*, so it is.”

“I'm a clergyman,” explained McGosh, “I have a free pass; I visit the paupers when I like. Do you know Captain Howley?”

"I do," said Tim.

"I want to see him."

"Shure, he's no pauper," said Tim.

"No matter; my business is urgent. Do you know which is his room?"

"Well, I do."

"I'd be obliged if you'd point it out."

"That's a horse of another colour," said Tim, purposely blocking the way, "maybe *he* mightn't though." And he began tuning:

Says she,

You fool!

Your fresh from school.

Arrah! Get away—CLOSER—Shaun,¹

Ommadhaun!²

"Be so good as to let me pass, then."

"Divil a foot!" said Tim.

"You're a most impertinent, presuming fellow! I have business with him—I must see him!" and he made a vigorous effort to pass; but Tim had him by the tails of his coat. The threads of the garment began to give way, and the owner yielded to the pressure from behind. Perhaps, on second thoughts, McGosh concluded that, all things considered, it would be as well if he didn't provoke collision with the huge fellow before him. Discretion is acknowledged, at all times, to be the better part of valour; moreover, was it not more consistent with his duty as a Christian minister to avoid strife as much as possible. On the impulse of the moment he turned to go; but changed his mind as suddenly again.

"Perhaps you wouldn't object to take up my name to the captain? I shall not detain him long. Say that I wish to see him on important business. My name is McGosh—the Rev. Mephibosheth McGosh. I'm not in a hurry; I'll wait."

"Faith, then, if you do, it'll be agin my will, anyhow! Do you think I'd go and disturb the gintleman at this time of night?"

"I suppose I need not ask your leave," said McGosh, "just point out the way, and I'll go myself."

"Naither wan nor the other," replied Tim, growing truculent; "give me none of your chat. Right about, face! quick march! Make yourself scarce, and be smart about it!"

McGosh hesitated. There was no time for ceremony. Tim seized him by the collar, turned him about, and pushed him vigorously and by main force towards the gate leading from the lane. Resistance was in vain, so McGosh gave in.

¹ Shaun—Irish for Jack.

² Ommadhaun—Irish for a simple fellow.

"Good-night. Thank you," he said, "I can find my way. This is the way I came; you needn't mind coming any further." He didn't quite like the escort.

"I'll wait till I see your reverence a bit of the road, at all events," was the response. "You owld psalm-singing humbug! very little would make me ——"

"I must beg you to ——"

"Howld!" said Tim, shaking him to within an inch of his life. "Not another word out of you between this and the gate, or I'll put my fist down your ugly throat!"

McGosh did as he was bid, hoping that when he got to the gate he would be released without further molestation. He calculated his chances, and concluded that if the worst went to the worst, he might get a kick behind which might possibly be due, but not dangerous.

"They reached the sentry-box at last. "Tim, is that yourself all right?" said a voice inside.

"Bedad, it is just myself sure enough, and in the best of company. Wouldn't you have the common dacency to step outside and salute his reverence?"

"Is it the praitcher you mane? I thought he'd slip up unknownst to you."

"What a chicken I am!" replied Tim, contemptuously. "The divil is in it if we don't put him through his pacings. Come out and howld him."

The heart of McGosh began to sink within him. He was completely in the power of two huge Irishmen. There was nobody about at that time of night who would be likely to take his part; he was at the wrong side of the gate for that. He couldn't run, for Tim's knuckles were in his collar. He was afraid to shout, remembering the injunctions of his captor. It wasn't so dark but that he could discern the faint outline of what appeared to be a musket in the sentry's hand.

"Howld him!" reiterated Tim; "come out of that and ketch him by the neck, while I see is the coast clear. Bad luck to you, is it afeard you are?"

"I wouldn't lay hand on him at all," said the other. "Divil a bit of me would touch him for a tin-pound note—the owld heretic!"

"This was at least consolatory if it was not very complimentary to McGosh.

"Clap him into the box, then, and stand outside of him."

"Having satisfied himself, Tim returned immediately. "It's all right; let his reverence out."

McGosh hesitated to avail himself of the indulgence.

"Put him out if he won't come then: he'll keep us here all night."

“Give me the word and I’ll walk straight in,” said the sentry.

“You wouldn’t murder a man in cold blood!” gasped McGosh, finding words at last;—“an innocent man!”

“I never kilt a man yet,” said Tim, “and it tishn’t the likes of you I’d begin on.”

“Quick, march!”

The musket was levelled just on a line with the pit of the reverend gentleman’s stomach, and the order was instantly obeyed. He was just in time to slip out edgeways. The weapon went through the back of the sentry-box with a crash, the sound of which sent terror into his heart.

“Down on your knees at wanst,” said Tim, pouncing on his victim again. “Make haste! It’ll soon be over.” McGosh submitted in abject fear.

“Take your hat now.”

McGosh obeyed.

“Sign yourself,” said Tim.

“I—I don’t understand!” gasped McGosh.

“Sign!—bless yourself!—make the sign of the cross. Be smart!”

“I don’t know how!” pleaded McGosh.

“More shame for you! I’ll soon larn you. Put your fust finger on your forehead; draw it straight down till you get to the last button on the waistcoat. Now put it on your left shoulder, and draw it over, across your chest. That’s it! Now you have it complate! You won’t forget that, in case I ask it again?”

“No,” replied McGosh.

“What are you going to praitch about to-morrow, your reverence, I’d like to be sure?”

“Prayers for the dead!”

“Draw your breath now—you seem to be short of it. I want you to repate a few words for me, and I’ll let you go. Are you ready?”

“Quite!” said McGosh, with a sigh of relief.

“Well, now, spake after me: ‘*May the Lord have mercy on the sowl of Bridget Flannagan, al(i)as Conroy!*’ That’s my owld mother that was.”

“I couldn’t,” said McGosh, growing courageous; “I couldn’t—don’t ask me. I could never bring myself to utter such blasphemous words!”

“Out with them,” said Tim, “or by this and by that I won’t lave a whole bone in your skin, or a sound tooth in your head!”

“I can only do so, then, on compulsion.”

“You’ll just do it *on your knees*,” said Tim.

“Under fear of my life—under protest!”

“Divil may care, only spake up. Say em out, that’s all: ‘*The Lord have mercy on the sowl of Bridget Flannagan, Al(i)as Conroy.*’”

‘McGosh obeyed. Tim did not like his Latin. “Al(i)as Conroy, and none of your humbugging. That’s what they call in court a *mental reservation* you’re making—like when a man kisses his thumb instid of the book. Say it right at wonst.”

“The Lord have mercy on the soul of Bridget Flannagan Elias Conroy,” repeated McGosh, as near as he could.

“Bless yourself wanst more, till I see how you do it.”

‘McGosh obeyed.

“That’ll do, now, your reverence. That’s more than ever you said for *your own mother*, I’ll be bound. You may go home now, and the top of the morning to you.”

‘Tim opened the gate politely and touched his forelock. McGosh, seizing his hat, made good his retreat; and when he got outside, fairly took to his heels and ran. Tim made his way to bed immediately, after singing himself to sleep, I presume, for I caught the sound of his voice repeating the words:—

“Some say the divil’s dead, and buried in Killarney,
More says he rose again and—listed in the army.”

‘The first thing McGosh did next morning was to go to the magistrate and swear informations against two soldiers, unknown, who had violently assaulted him inside the gates the night before.

‘Here was a nice business, thought I to myself, when I read a letter brought me by a policeman, and heard his version of the affair.

“It’s a very serious charge,” said I; “go back and say that I shall use every effort to bring the men to justice—I can’t say more. I’ll see the magistrate at once and hear what Mr. McGosh has to say. The men shall be paraded for identification, and strict inquiry made.”

‘Tim, of course, would know all about the business, to a dead certainty; if, indeed, he was not actually one of the actors in it. I made a firm and determined resolution to dismiss him forthwith. Things were becoming too serious, and I felt that I was really placing myself in jeopardy by an overweening affection for the fellow. What I should do without him I did not allow myself to inquire, knowing, from previous experience, what the result would be if I temporised. I would not even give myself time to cool. I was, so to speak, in a white heat, and resolved to strike while I was hot.

‘He came before me, looking very sheepish—the very picture of meekness and humility, as he always did, when he saw that I was inclined to be angry.

“What do you think of yourself now?” I exclaimed, after I had explained all I knew; “this is a pretty kettle-o’-fish. Of course, it was all your doing. It was you who got me into it.”

“Well, it was I got you into it, surely, your honour ; but it wasn’t all my doing, for all that.”

“Whose, then ?”

“Well, another man’s, sir, and——”

“Confound you ! It wasn’t a woman’s, I suppose. Was it the sentry you posted at the back gate ?”

“It was, sir.”

“Tim,” said I, severely, “I’m resolved that this shall be the last row or scrape you’ll get me into. I’ll give you, now, a month’s wages. You may take yourself back to Kerry as soon as you like.”

“As soon *as I like*, is it, captain ?”

“I’ll not consult your wishes in the matter ; you’ll go as soon as I like—that’s at once !”

“Maybe you’ll let me stay *till the sodger is identified*, your honour ?”

“That will not take long, I presume,” said I, “it’s an easy matter.”

“An aisy matter, is it ?” responded Tim, brightening up all of a sudden ; “Divil a greater poser M’Gosh ever had in his life than that same identification !”

“What do you mean ?” said I.

“I mane that I’ll howld on in your sarvice, Captain, *awhile yet*.”

“I can’t and won’t allow any humbugging in this matter,” said I ; “once for all, let me tell you that *he* must be punished, and *you, too*, I take it.”

“Divil a matter about me,” responded Tim ; “but the sodger is all right, take my word. I never told you a lie.”

“All right !” I exclaimed, growing wrath. “What do you mean ? Do you mean to say that he is gone—that he has deserted ?”

“Faix, he didn’t, sir ; for *he never was there at all*.”

I looked at him in bewildered astonishment.

“Sure, your honor,” said he, growing confidential, and speaking with bated breath, “SURE, WASN’T IT WAN OF THE POPE’S PAUPERS, OUT OF THE WORKHOUSE, I HAD IN THE SINTRY BOX !”

I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter as the truth dawned upon me. I saw my way out of the difficulty, and entered fully into the joke. Of course, identification *was* out of the question. The uniform of a Carrigahinch pauper, when he had his big overcoat and round skull-capon, would pass off very well to the non-military eye—particularly when seen under such circumstances, and in the dark.

Tim had chosen a “good Catholic” (as he said), one on whom he could rely as not being very friendly to McGosh (there were plenty such in the workhouse) ; and, arming him with the handle of a stable-fork, posted him at the gate.

'At my examination I stated that I had not posted a sentry at this gate at all. My written orders to Sergeant Skinner were produced. He would have got me into trouble if he could ; but he was, happily, powerless. The men were all in early, and each room was in charge of a non-commissioned officer, who could answer for those in his charge, as the roll had been called as usual.

'Nothing could be made of the case, and it was dropped. Even Tim escaped. He wisely kept out of sight ; and McGosh, not knowing who he was, or anything about him, could not give any clue as to his identity, any more than to that of the supposed soldier, though we had to go through the ceremony of parading all the men.'

As the Captain concluded his story the grey light of dawn was breaking. There was a stir in the barrack yard. The men were already falling in, and preparing for the march. We filled a parting bumper.

There was an unanimous call for a song. The Captain demurred.

'You established the custom yourself,' I pleaded, 'the first night we met.'

'A custom more honoured in the breach than the observance,' said he, with characteristic modesty, 'as far, at least, as *my* voice is concerned.'

'Not so,' said I, 'but this is no time for compliment ; Captain, you will not fail us now. I urge it with all the solemnity of a last request.

'What shall it be then ?' said he.

'One of Tim's,' I suggested ; 'you gave us while ago a few lines of one—a foretaste of what we might expect. Give us the whole of it.'

Without more ado he began :—

'When I axed your owld father, my Kitty,

He wouldn't take on him to pay.

He's a bit of a screw ;

But he'll make me a present—of you

Any day.

Have pity

On me,

Machree !

'Says she :—

You fool !

You're just from school,

Arrah ! get away—CLOSER—shawn,

Ommadhaun !

‘Your mother is willing, my Kitty,
 She wouldn’t take on her to say.
 She’s a bit of a screw;
 But she’ll give me a present—of you
 Any day.
 Have pity
 On me
 Machree!

‘Says she:—
 You fool!
 You’re just from school,
 Arrah! get away—CLOSER—shawn,
 Ommadhaun!

‘I’m bothered intirely for aise;
 ’Tis draming I am in the day.
 I’m getting no sleep in the night,
 But lying awake with the fright.
 My Kitty
 Take pity,
 On me if you please.
 I’ll just make bowld,
 To tighten my howld,
 Machree!

‘Says she:—
 You fool!
 Your fresh from school.
 Arrah! get away—CLOSER—shawn,
 Ommadhaun!

‘Your lips are so rosy, my Kitty,
 I think they are pouting—at me,
 More’s the pity;
 It’s no wonder I’d wish to make free.
 Give me *wan*, and that’s all.

‘Sure I couldn’t at all!
 I wouldn’t kiss mortal, says she;
 But may be *you’d take it*, Machree!

'Since you *are* making bowld,
And you keep a good howld ;
You needn't go back to the school,
Like a fool,
If you get away—CLOSER—shawn,
Ommadhaun !

'Tis past and gone,
My song is done.
We *were* two fools, and now we're *wan*—
My Kitty Machree,
And me !

J. FRANKLIN FULLER.

THE DAY AFTER MY DEATH.

BY H. D. TRAILL.

CHAPTER V.

THE GROTTO OF LETHE.

'WELL, gentlemen,' said the apparitor, as soon as we had regained the central corridor, 'have you had enough of the prisons? If so, we may as well be setting out for the city while the afternoon is yet young. What is your pleasure?'

We looked at each other in some uncertainty. Our opinions, I think, were divided, though none of us liked to be the first to speak, lest by expressing marked preference for any other employment than that of solving the problem of existence he should sink in the estimation of his companions. The country gentleman, I could see, was anxious to escape from a place where he had first been brought to think with regret and remorse of his favourite earthly pursuit. The Liberal M.P., on the other hand, was deeply interested in the prisons and their inmates, and would willingly have remained there some time longer. The artist and the poet were on the whole in favour of departure, and it was ultimately agreed that we should now quit the prisons and set out for the City. As we descended the spiral staircase, which led back from the central corridor to the court-yard, the apparitor paused for a moment on one of the landings, and pointed to a vaulted passage which branched off from it, with a large door at the farther end.

'There,' he said, 'is a ward which it would doubtless amuse you to visit had we time to do so. It is the ward of the Impostors.'

'The Impostors!' said the M.P.; 'why, I thought that all spirits guilty of fraud and imposture were confined in the wards which we have just left.'

'So they are, if by fraud and imposture you mean imposture perpetrated with the object of defrauding others of their money. These

are impostors of a different kind: they are those who have defrauded their neighbours of their respect, admiration, or good opinion.'

We were still in some uncertainty as to his meaning.

'Don't you understand?' continued the apparitor. 'In this ward there are confined all those who in life passed themselves off before their fellow men for what they were not, and who have attempted to maintain the deception here, and under the Light which shines upon the hidden life of all.' And the apparitor at these words reverently bowed his head. 'Every man who has sought and gained credit from his neighbours for knowledge, or taste, or skill, or judgment which he did not possess, is here expiating his deceit. The sham *savant* of the drawing-room, the art critic incapable of distinguishing a Titian from a tea-board—the linguist skilled in every language which his present company is unable to speak—the musical *connoisseur* who discourses learnedly on the art, and plays an instrument which he has left at home—the traveller full of stories of the strange things which he has not seen—the quidnunc, fortunate depository of the Prime Minister's most important State secrets—the man of universal acquaintance, who was at school with every one of his distinguished countrymen, all these classes of impostors are numerous represented here. There are, moreover, confined in the ward upwards of two hundred gentlemen who in lifetime "knew the points of a horse."'

'Ha!' said the country gentleman, in a tone of satisfaction. 'Come, I am glad of that, however. It is one of the most common and pernicious forms of imposture.'

'And pray how long,' enquired the M.P., 'do these prisoners remain in confinement here?'

'Until they admit themselves to be impostors,' was the reply; 'that is all that is required of them. That admission once made, they are set at liberty without further punishment.'

'Indeed!' said the poet; 'I should think, then, they are not long on your hands.'

The apparitor shrugged his shoulders.

'Some of them,' he said, 'have been known to remain here twenty years before making the necessary admission!'

'But, surely,' said the poet, 'surely they must know that the Light has shone through them, and exposed their imposture?'

'My dear sir,' replied the apparitor, smiling, 'what humbug of your acquaintance on earth was ever conscious of his own transparency? But you must be growing weary of this; and at this rate we shall never get on to the City.'

We descended the spiral staircase by which we had mounted to the central corridor, and passed out again into the court-yard which divides

the prison from the Court of the Sleepers. Across this court-yard we followed our guide to the great gate at its outer extremity. After a few words had been exchanged with the inmate of the lodge or guard room, and, apparently, a password given which we were unable to catch, the great gate was thrown open, and we found ourselves for the first time clear of the Palace of Justice and its outbuildings, and looking forth upon an open plain.

Straight ahead in the far distance, its spires and pinnacles shimmering faintly as in a dream, lay the City of the Earthly Life. Between it and us lay a bald and treeless waste, grey and dreary, and monotonous as a prisoned life. But towards the right, and but a few score yards from where we stood, the plain was broken by a jagged line of rocks, from which the ground descended with a varying declivity—now gentle, now abrupt—towards the Styx, which we could just descry stealing black and sluggish amongst the hollows.

‘Yonder,’ said the apparitor, pointing across the waste, ‘yonder lies the city whither so many discharged spirits bend their steps on the instant of their liberation from the prisons.’

We gazed towards it with an intense curiosity. That there should be a city in the spirit world—an earthly city—and with, as the apparitor had assured us, all the characteristics of the cities of earth, was a marvel at which we had not ceased to wonder. At the same time, I should be uncandid were I to deny that our curiosity was somewhat of a pleasurable kind. Doubtless it was, as the M.P. had observed, a profoundly saddening and humiliating reflection that the spirit of man, freed from the trammels and temptations of the flesh, should yet retain so deeply the taint of earth as to prefer the lower life it had quitted to the higher life upon which it might enter; still, after the first feeling of sadness and humiliation, we began to get gradually reconciled to the thought. There would always be, we reflected, an order of spirits who would prefer the lower to the higher life; and there was no reason, because we had preferred the higher for the future, that we should deprive ourselves of the present amusement of watching the ignoble pursuits of those who had made the lower choice. The country gentleman, I think, felt these considerations in greater force, from the fact that in life his favourite relaxation had consisted in a ‘run up to town for two or three days’—a relaxation, however, in which he had been compelled by powerful domestic influences to a very sparing indulgence. I saw that his pleasure at the prospect of spending another day in a great city was considerably heightened by the reflection that he was doing so without the knowledge of his widow. We all of us, however, kept our satisfaction to ourselves, and stood gazing at the distant city with a decorous solemnity.

'The existence of this city, sir,' said the M.P., at last breaking the silence to address the apparitor, 'is a singular shock to all our preconceived notions of another life.'

'And pray,' replied the apparitor, rather sharply, 'what *were* your preconceived notions?'

'Well,' said the M.P., a little taken aback by the abruptness of the question, 'human views as to a future state differ in many respects, but most enlightened persons agree in thinking that the condition of all disembodied spirits—of those, I mean, who are not undergoing punishment for their sins on earth—will be the same; that, I mean, there will be no variety of occupation or employment for them, such as the existence of this city would seem to imply.'

'Indeed!' said the apparitor, 'is that the current opinion on earth, gentlemen?'

'Oh, yes,' we replied, 'it undoubtedly is the current opinion, that the condition of all departed spirits is the same.'

"Yes, yes!" muttered the country gentleman, 'hang it, yes, the same for all!'

'And this common employment?' enquired the apparitor.

'Well,' replied the M.P., after a pause, nobody answering, 'there was certainly not the same unanimity on that point.'

'I see,' said the apparitor, 'you were unanimously convinced that all spirits would employ their eternity in the same way in another world, though you could not agree as to what that way would be.'

'You have hit it exactly,' cried the country gentleman, filled with admiration at so lucid an explanation of his views.

'The opinion most popular in former times,' continued the M.P., somewhat in a lecturer's tone, 'was that spirits would be perpetually occupied in the exercise of the emotions—love, gratitude, &c. Latterly, however, and contemporaneously with the growth of the scientific habit, another theory has gained credit. They hold now on earth that the life of the other world will be spent by all in the contemplation of those unveiled mysteries of nature and being which we could not penetrate under the condition of mortality.'

'But spent thus by *all*?' echoed the apparitor.

'By all,' replied the M.P.

'By all,' reiterated the country gentleman, manfully.

'Really, gentlemen,' said the apparitor, laughing, 'you will excuse my amusement, but this strange theory of the common employment of spirits leads to such extraordinary results. Pray, are all men gifted on earth with common tastes, dispositions, capacities, and curiosities?'

'No, but ——'

'No, but what?' interrupted our guide, still with difficulty restraining

his laughter. 'Take an ordinary man of business—say, for instance, a sugar-broker, of middle age, who rides into the city every day by omnibus, and returns at 5 p.m. to Clapham. Do you suppose that at any period of his life he cared a bill-stamp about the mysteries of nature and being? And if he never cared about them in his life, do you contend that he will begin to do so because the omnibus seat was damp one rainy morning, and he caught a cold, which unfortunately settled on his lungs with a fatal result?'

The M.P. clearly could not contend this, and remained silent.

'You do not argue that he would,' continued the apparitor. 'It comes to this then, that the solution of these mysteries is your ideal of a future life, and is therefore to be the future state for everybody.'

'Not mine only,' replied the M.P., somewhat warmly. 'It is the ideal of the best minds of the age—nay, of a majority of the educated and respectable classes.'

'Oh, I see!' said the apparitor, sarcastically; 'you would settle the character of the future state by a vote of two-thirds of the ratepayers. You would carry the "tyranny of majorities" beyond the grave.'

The M.P. was too indignant to reply becomingly to this last sneer, and thought it better to keep silence. The artist, who had paid no attention to this discussion, but whose eyes had been fixed on the line of rocks to our right, here struck in.

'What rocks are these?' he enquired.

'That spot,' said the apparitor, smiling with a trace of bitterness, 'is the spot whither so many spirits go, and whence so few have the strength to bring back that which they went to seek—oblivion. Yonder amongst these rocks lies the grotto and spring of Lethe, the fountain-head of the dark river of forgetfulness.'

'*Few* bring back oblivion from its waters!' repeated the poet, in a tone of surprise; 'surely I mistook you! Is there not, then, many a wretched spirit who thirsts for the draught that will drug memory to sleep for ever?'

'Many *thirst* for it,' said the apparitor, drily, 'but few drink it. But come and see for yourselves.' And he pointed to a side gate of the prison, which was at that moment thrown open, and to a small group of spirits issuing from it, and hurrying wildly and with passionate gestures towards the rocks.

We followed them as speedily as we were able, and after clambering up the nearest span of rock and descending a cup-like hollow on its inner side, we saw the spirits one by one stoop and disappear through a low and narrow archway in a sheer opposing wall of stone. We entered after them, and found ourselves in a lofty vaulted cavern, open to the day at the farther end, where, through an archway thrice the breadth and

height of that by which we had entered, the light poured towards us along the black and dripping walls.

In the midst of the grotto floor rose the spring of Lethe from a natural basin of jagged olive-green rock. The water as it overbrimmed the edge had scooped a deep and sinuous channel across the cavern, and flowing continually towards the aperture at the further end, leaped down a stair of twenty feet to the open air and light below. But the marvel of the water was its strange motion, and its dulness and its silence. Though the light from the open side of the grotto fell full upon it and it was in rapid movement, no single ray was splintered by a single ripple; the surface of the stream was crossed by no flash or corruscation, as is the way of earthly waters under the daylight; but it flowed on, smooth, grey, and unbroken, like dull molten metal. Also it rose and flowed out of the cavern continually without the faintest plash or murmur. Silently it welled up from the black depths, in silence it overbrimmed the jagged margin of the spring, in silence it stole across the grotto floor, and slid stealthily over the top of the fall,—nay, even when they had taken their leap down to the platform twenty feet below no sound came back to us from the alighting waters. The mysterious sight filled us with the deepest awe.

By the side of the spring, on a seat hewn from the living rock, sat a spirit of solemn aspect, holding a stone goblet in his hand.

The spirits turned towards him, and prostrated themselves before him at the water's edge.

'Give us to drink!' they cried.

The spirit with the goblet slowly filled it with the grey soundless water, and rose to his feet.

'Ye who would drink of this water,' he said, in measured solemn tones, 'hear the good and the evil that await those who drink. For those who drain this goblet memory is no more. As ye drink, the haunting shadows of the past life shall fade and disappear for ever. Remorse of committed crime, and sting of suffered injury, and agony of hopeless love—childhood and the terrors of childhood, youth and its lying hopes, manhood and its baffled struggles, all shall be to you as though they had never been. There shall be no past to you, neither shall the present become hereafter a conscious past, but every moment as it flies shall be to you henceforth as though it had never been. Neither shall the future seem to you a future since ye shall know not any past; but ye shall live for ever in the eternal—"Now." What say ye?'

Again the murmur arose from the kneeling crowd:

'Give us to drink!'

The spirit with the goblet paused a moment, and then resumed in a lower voice:

'Hear also of the memories which must pass from you, as you drink and look your last upon them, ere ye raise the cup. Ye shall no more remember kiss of woman or laughter of children, or the face of friends. If there be any vision of seen beauty, or any echo of heard music, that visits you in the reverie by day or in the dream by night—they shall visit you no more for ever. The dim sweet time of childhood, the abounding life of youth, the won victories of manhood, the memories that quicken the pulses, and the memories that fill the eyes, shall stir or soften you no more. The very bonds that bind you to yourselves shall be for ever solved; the voice within you that answers to your own shall be for ever dumb. You shall never more utter with awe, and wonder the words of mystery, "This is I." What say ye?'

And the answer still arose more faintly from the spirit crowd:

'Give us to drink!'

'Look then your last,' exclaimed the spirit, on the treasures you surrender, ere they leave your souls for ever.'

And he waved his hands thrice above their heads.

Then we, standing near and seeing all things in that light of the other world, could gaze as the spirits gazed on the bright procession which defiled slowly before the eyes of each. And we saw plainly how each one wavered in his purpose.

Upon one the memories of childhood pressed with the strongest force. His nostrils were filled with the smell of field flowers, and his ears with the echo of boyish games; and he felt again the child's joy at the running waters, and his wonder at the high white clouds, and his awe at the whisper of great trees. And from amidst the procession of the thronging days one stole out, and held his softening gaze before all the rest. It was the June half-holiday he had never expected, when he lay till sunset under the shadow of the old bridge, and listened to the pulsing of the mill-wheel, and watched the darting trout, and saw the great otter that he never could get sight of again.

Another gazed longest upon his youthful days, and lived again those hours when mere life was like a draught of wine, when beauty was more beautiful, and mirth more mirthful than in the after time, and there was a strange light upon all things—and the world, with the terrors and splendours of its seas and skies, began to speak to him with other and new voices, and poetry arose and touched him, and unsealed his eyes.

And another was held by the strong memories of manhood, and stood with beating heart and flashing eyes, before the long line of days of endured toil, and trampled obstacle and affronted danger, and the one proud hour of crowned endeavour.

And one by one, as the memories gathered and clung round them, the dumb stealing water grew hateful to them, and they trembled, wavered,

and arose. Three only remained—two who knelt together, and one who knelt apart. Around the solitary spirit there had crowded no bright forms of past years, but only the dull grey days of neglected childhood, and a vainly struggling youth, and a brief, sad manhood, with a sudden pause of death; and he was gazing still with unshaken purpose at the water of forgetfulness, and stretched his hand out for the cup. But even to him at last there emerged from the sad procession, radiant as a strayed angel in the ranks of the lost, the vision of a single day; and he felt again the soft touch of a hand, and heard the whisper of a voice, and remembered a forgotten vow of eternal remembrance. Then he also arose and turned his back upon the hateful water, and the other two were left kneeling alone.

They were man and wife, bound together for time and eternity by the pledge of a common crime.

The day of its commission had arisen before the eyes when the spirit waved his hand, but it passed not on with the other days, but remained motionless before them—a form of fierce and blinding light! And whatever bright days were in the procession, either before or after, must needs pass in front of the motionless Day; and as they came within its light their own was quenched, and they passed before the eyes of the kneeling spirits, grey and ashen.

These two wavered not at all; but the man stretched out his hand eagerly, and taking the goblet from the spirit raised it to his lips; but as he did so he turned and looked on the woman and their eyes met. Then for a moment the motionless Day ceased to quench all things with its blinding light, and their faces reflected back upon each other the soft sweet radiance of the *days before the crime*. But with a pang of bitter effort he wrested his gaze from hers, and drained the gold goblet to the bottom; and then the woman's face was awful, until the goblet had been filled again, and she too had drunk the water.

Then when again their eyes met they knew each other not, nor did they know anything around, either spirits like themselves or the other objects of the spirit world; nor were they conscious of themselves, since each moment swept from them and was forgotten ere they could say 'It is I who think.' Nor could their countenances be compared to anything that lives—either beast, or manide, or idiot—for all these have memory of something. And as they stole, dull and slow, from the grotto we drew aside from them trembling, and hid our faces from the awful vacancy of their eyes.

CHAP. VI.

THE CITY OF THE EARTHLY LIFE.

At length we were fairly under way. The distance of the city from us measured by earthly standards was immense ; but such is the speed with which spirits progress that in a very short time we found ourselves upon its outskirts. I feel that it would be useless to attempt to describe to mortals the manner in which we moved, indeed the very word 'motion' itself, as well as other expressions which I have already made use of—such for instance, as 'form,' 'touch,' 'limbs,' 'face,' 'luncheon'—are in reality quite inapplicable to the things which they profess to designate, and are only employed as a concession to the anthropomorphism of mankind. And when with reference to these questions of motion, and of relative position in space, I disclaim for myself and my fellow spirits the possession not only of anything resembling limbs, but even of the primary qualities of solidity and extension, it will be seen how limited is the common ground upon which I and my readers could meet for the interchange of ideas. I might probably succeed in explaining to a German gentleman how that which has no extension or solidity continues to occupy space, and to transfer itself from one place to another—but I feel sure that the solid (and extensive) common sense of the English nation would resent any attempt on my part to explain these phenomena without employing, metaphorically at least, such words as a mortal would use in describing the natural phenomena of rest and motion.

Now, too, that we have entered the city, I fear the difficulty of making myself intellegible to what it is no arrogance in a spirit to call the limited faculties of a mortal public will become almost insurmountable. I must in the first place inform the reader that the City of the Earthly Life is in general appearance exactly like London or Paris or Brussels, or any other European capital, and that it would be in fact, in the eyes of mortals, could they be admitted to see it, indistinguishable from one of these cities ; and yet, to prevent misconception, I must add (though to me it of course seems almost superfluous to do so) that the streets and houses are not made of stone or wood, or bricks and mortar, or in fact of any material possessing the qualities of solidity and extension. Thus I feel that were I to describe the city exactly as it appears to spirits, many of my descriptions of it, and especially my criticisms on its architecture, would lose much of their meaning for the mortal reader. I must here again, therefore, have recourse to that anthropomorphic

mode of expression which I adopt reluctantly, and the adoption of which I have already had to justify in other matters.

Our first impressions of the city then, were, far from pleasant, but they were such as fully to bear out the apparitor's description of the place as being in close resemblance to the cities of earth. We entered it by a mean and miserable suburb, built irregularly of low, wretched looking houses. The apparitor apologized to us for its unprepossessing appearance, and begged us not to judge of the city generally by this the least attractive of its *faubourgs*. It was he said, explaining, 'the quarter of the poor.'

The word 'poor' fell upon our spiritual ears with I cannot tell how strange a shock.

'The poor!' exclaimed the poet, 'Good God! are there any poor in the city?'

'Really, sir,' replied the apparitor, with a slight touch of impatience in his tone, 'you are extremely unpractical in your "preconceived notions." Would you have a great city without poor? If spirits prefer an earthly life to a spiritual, they must take it with the necessary incidents of the life of earth—inequality of fortune.'

'Necessary,' murmured the poet, sadly and doubtfully.

'Well,' said the apparitor, 'I use the word that is most commonly applied to such an incident by yourselves. I am aware that some few enthusiasts amongst you deny its necessity; but then, you know, you don't regard them as "practical men," so we may neglect them.'

'But the poor themselves?' said the poet, 'it is surely not a necessary incident of their condition *here*? Why do they endure a life that offers them only the hopeless lot of poverty?'

'Is it any less hopeless for many of them on earth?' was the stern and sad reply; 'but hopeless as it was they clung to it there. And they cling to it here.'

The poet sighed, and was silent. We passed on through the squalid suburb, avoiding as best we could the sights and sounds about us. But we were, nevertheless, conscious the while of the misery on every hand, and our hearts ached in that shadowy city as they had ached many a time before in London. Walking resolutely on, our eyes set steadfastly before us, we yet knew that wretched figures were crouching under arches, and blinking dully up at us from the pavements, and slouching furtively past us to miserable homes; and that the curse of beggary was on all around. Yes, beggary even here. None in the city lacked food or drink, or raiment, for there is neither hunger nor thirst, nor cold in the world beyond the grave; but what else were they to do? They had begged on earth from the uncared-for cradle to the parish grave. They did not love the life, but it was the best—the only one they knew. Beg-

gary is in the soul as well as in the body. So they slunk, and shivered, and whined, and held out trembling hands for the coins which we had not, and they needed not, and cursed us as we passed them by.

At last it was too much for the poet's sensitive nature.

'I cannot bear this,' he cried. 'It is, indeed, the life of an earthly city, with all the horrors that make it hideous to me on earth. Can there, in truth, be any spirits hard and callous enough to choose a way of life so surrounded with the wretchedness of others, and a habitation so full of the sights of misery?'

'Dear me!' said the apparitor, 'you are talking very wildly. Why, the spirits who choose this place have for a whole lifetime on earth been accustomed to gaze unmoved on the terrible reality of a starving poor. Are they likely to be affected by its unreal semblance here?'

The country gentleman, who had been very uneasy at the sights around him, here broke in indignantly with the exclamation:

'What the devil is the relieving-officer about?'

'Come, now, that's more practical,' said the apparitor. 'Your friend's question,' he continued, turning to the poet, 'may suggest to you the mode in which the well-to-do spirits contrive to endure the spectacle of all this misery. The plan is, in fact, identical with that adopted on earth. They provide themselves with a Board of Guardians, an overseer, a medical-officer, a relieving-officer, and, in fact, with all the staff of a poor law administration; and then, when they find their feelings particularly harrowed, they turn to each other and say: "What the devil is the relieving-officer about?" or utter a diatribe against the heartless supineness of the guardians they have themselves appointed, and then go on their way with calmed consciences, and at peace with all the world!'

'Ah! unhappy ones,' groaned the poet, who had either not heeded or not been satisfied with this explanation. 'And they tell you on earth that your sufferings there will be compensated in the world beyond the grave!'

'Yes; and an uncommonly gross piece of selfish and indolent assumption it is,' rejoined the apparitor, somewhat indignantly. 'They allow the unfortunate wretches to lead dog's lives on earth, and coolly remit the duty of humanizing and recompensing them to another world. Your late fellow-mortals, gentlemen, cannot too soon learn the lesson of attempting to make their own world a little more tolerable to each other, and leaving a little less to be performed by the next.'

In the course of this conversation we had emerged from the poor quarter, and found ourselves in a broad central thoroughfare. Here a most singular sight met our view. The street was crowded with spirits, male and female, continually walking backwards and forwards, up and down,

without apparently any object in view. There were two processions in constant but measured motion, passing one up and the other down the street ; and as each component unit of the stream arrived at one end of the thoroughfare, he would join the other stream, and gravely retrace his course to the other end. Each of the two opposing processions eyed the other with looks not exactly hostile, but critical. They were divided generally into detachments of two and three, and they moved with such exceeding slowness and solemnity that we at last asked our guide whether we were not witnessing some kind of religious ceremony.

The apparitor shook his shadowy sides with laughter.

‘Oh, dear, no!’ he replied ; ‘nothing of the kind. This is the fashionable promenade of the city, and these are the fashionable promenaders.’

On looking more closely at the bearing and gait of the procession we now began to recognise the character and object—if object it can be called—of their solemn march, and to detect its resemblance to processions of the same kind which we had witnessed in London, Brighton, and elsewhere. Our mistake arose from the fact that, as spirits unfortunately do not wear clothes, we were not at once attracted by that elegance and variety of costume which catches the eye in the fashionable promenades of earth.

At first, too, the absence of these attractions disappointed us, and made us think the whole ceremony foolish and unmeaning ; but after a few turns up and down, we began to get reconciled to the new conditions, and agreed that the occupation of these spirits was very nearly as rational and elevating as its counterpart on earth. We could not, however, help remarking on the serious difficulties under which the fashionable classes of the city were placed in indulging in their favourite amusement, and we asked the apparitor whether they did not find these difficulties embarrassing.

‘Yes, poor souls,’ was the reply, ‘they miss their bodies, or rather their clothes, very much ; and they were at first extremely desirous that these latter should be supplied to them ; but the difficulty of clothing beings possessed of neither solidity nor extension was found to be insurmountable, and the idea had to be abandoned. But they still prefer as a *pis aller* their promenade without costumes, and their imaginary criticisms of each other’s taste in dress, to any other occupation which the city affords. Imagination, you know, thrives under adverse conditions, and I believe that now they take as much pleasure in their promenade as though they were actually dressed, and only look back with an occasional pang of regret to all they have lost—the silks, and velvets, and laces, the frock coats and light trousers, the glossy hats and lavender kids of the happy past. Nay, imagination has, for the ladies at least, one great advantage over reality, in that every one of them, in addition

to imagining her own toilet to be perfection, is able also with the eye of fancy to see her rival disfigured by an ill-made dress or an unbecoming bonnet.'

'What are the hours of promenade?' enquired the M.P.

'The hours?' said the apparitor. 'Ah! there the superiority of the spiritual over the earthly life comes plainly out. They have no hours—they promenade for ever.'

'For ever!' we exclaimed, aghast.

'Why not?' said the apparitor, coolly. 'There is neither day nor night, neither hunger nor weariness, in the spirit world. What should take them indoors when they need no five o'clock tea, and are not afraid of catching cold by the chill at sunset? No, those who prefer this life are not hindered in the pursuit of their ideal by the miserable wants and weaknesses of the flesh. Their promenade is as eternal as themselves.'

We remained silent, deeply moved. The M.P. was the first to speak.

'This is dreadful!' he exclaimed, with a shudder. 'An eternity of life like this!'

'Dreadful!' said the apparitor, 'in the name of wonder why? Oh, I see,' he continued after a moment's reflection; 'it's the old story again. Want of dignity in the ideal, and worse still want of resemblance to your own. Yes, there is not much "solving of the problem of existence" about this? But my dear sir, pray, pray be more practical. Think now. Does the problem of existence trouble Rotten Row?'

'No, no,' said the M.P., hurriedly, 'I admit, I admit, I am unpractical in my expectations; but you must make allowance for the difference between time and eternity. One tolerates frivolity upon earth; but *eternal* frivolity—that is the awful thought.'

'Are you sure,' said the apparitor with a changed manner, and in a low grave tone, 'that it is the frivolity that is awful and not the *eternity*? Will you enter on your *lofty* life with no whisper of distrust? Is your vision of an eternity of Revealed Mysteries never haunted,' and his voice sank almost to a whisper "by the awful shadow of Satiety?"'

Our hearts stood still at this echo of their smothered doubts.

'Go,' said the apparitor, after a pause, 'the fashion of the earth clings about you still, and the dread word is on your lips as lightly, and with as little meaning here as there.'

We walked on for a few minutes in an awkward silence, and were quite glad to be roused from a train of uneasy thoughts by our guide suddenly coming to a stop before a large and important-looking building which stood a little back from the main thoroughfare. It was evidently a place of busy resort, for spirits were continually hurrying in and out, jostling each other as they did so, and keeping the swing-doors of the building in perpetual motion. The faces of this busy crowd were quick,

wistful, and anxious, and presented an extraordinary contrast to the vacancy of expression which marked the countenances of the throng we had just quitted. We followed the apparitor through the doors into a large under courtyard, crowded with such busily moving figures as we had seen passing in and out the building.

We looked enquiringly at our guide.

'The Exchange,' he answered, laconically, 'these are the spirits of business. We have arrived here fortunately at the very busiest time.'

The scene was indeed most animating. Those who have seen the activity and energy of earthly stock and share brokers, hampered as they are by the laws of space and time, and the natural limitations of bodily power, can form no idea of the rapidity with which they transact business when freed from the restraint of these conditions. A broker-spirit would hurry into the court, and in less time than it would take in London to name a price for a single security, he would have executed a dozen commissions and hurried back again to his clients. The spectacle of these spirits flitting in and out, and whizzing—for no other word describes it, from jobber to jobber, with a dazzling velocity that the eye in vain attempted to follow, produced an effect of almost intoxicating exhilaration on our minds, while the shrill clamour of their thin spirit-voices shouting the prices at which they could 'do' the various stocks and shares, added to the excitement of the scene. The nature of the securities in which they deal I am not permitted to reveal, but I may assure my readers that they are fully as substantial as many which are quoted in the share list of the London Stock Exchange. The apparitor spent some time in explaining to us the system of speculation which prevails there, and the ingenious devices (which I fear would be unintelligible to my readers) by means of which they have contrived to render time-bargains practicable transactions in eternity. These minor details however, interested us less than the central fact itself, of which we were then witnessing the evidences; and as we watched the intense, eager life of the scene, the shrewd anxious faces of the spirits, and the incessant bustle and agitation around us, we could hardly believe that we were not gazing upon a crowd of actual flesh-and-blood speculators in a money-market of the earth.

'But how on earth—I mean, how in the world,' said the country gentleman, 'can they speculate without money?'

'Who said they have money?' said the apparitor. 'Look closely at those who are settling accounts with each other, and when your eyes get familiarised to the sight, you will see something pass between them.'

We did so, and after looking intently for some minutes, we began to see some oblong slips of an indescribably fine white film—as it were the disembodied spirits of bank-notes—passing rapidly from hand to hand.

‘That is their money,’ said the apparitor, ‘and a pretty heap of it some of the luckier ones get together. Look at that little spirit, who is just leaving. See what a sum he has been carrying off.’

We looked at the fortunate spirit to whom he was pointing. He must indeed, as our guide said, have amassed an immense sum. The pile of films which he was carrying off must have numbered many thousands, and if spread out one on the other upon the ground would have been close upon the thickness of a playing-card.

‘He is one of the boldest and most successful speculators in the City, though he was, I believe, hit hard at the last panic.’

‘But in the name of wonder,’ exclaimed the poet, who had been gazing on the scene in blank astonishment, ‘what do they do with this money, as you call it, when they have got it?’

‘Why nothing, of course,’ replied the apparitor, ‘there is nothing to spend it in, and they have no wants to supply.’

‘But yet they come here every day,’ continued the apparitor, ‘and strive, and plan, and struggle for that which they can never enjoy when they have gained it?’

‘Exactly,’ said the apparitor, ‘it is a singular phenomenon, and without, I suppose, a parallel on earth. They return to their homes, it is true, at certain hours, from the force of earthly habit, but they are restless and uneasy until they are again at their business. They simply abstain for a certain number of hours from money making, because on earth, where they needed intervals of rest and sleep, they were accustomed to do so, and this habit of temporary cessation has grown a second nature. But now that they cannot fill up the intervals of business with their other three earthly occupations—eating, drinking, and sleeping—the time hangs very heavily on their hands. They flit about their houses in an unsettled manner, till the allotted interval of cessation from business has expired, when they hurry back eagerly to their money-bags. But though they still keep up this practice of taking fixed periods of repose, they have arranged for the public convenience to do so at different times, so that some may be carrying on business while others are reposing, and thus the Exchange is perpetually open and business doing.

‘Another eternity,’ muttered the M.P., ‘but this at least is an eternity of active life, and not of lounging.’

‘Yes,’ said the apparitor, with a slight sneer, ‘an eternity of active money grubbing. I thought that would please you better—it has the “dignity of labour,” hasn’t it? I believe that’s the correct phrase.’

The M.P. was a little nettled at the tone of this reply, but he returned no answer, and after a last glance at the busy scene around us we turned and passed out of the Exchange.

As we descended the broad steps which lead up to its door, a spirit

hurried past us in extreme agitation, and with a countenance of fixed and unutterable despair.

'Look,' said the apparitor, pointing to him, 'a ruined spirit. Ah! I expected it: he has been shaky, I know, for some time.'

'What will the poor wretch do?' asked the poet, sympathisingly.

'Oh!' replied the apparitor, callously, 'he will flit round the Exchange for an age or so, and try in vain to borrow films of the more fortunate spirits, that he may begin his career afresh.'

'Will he get anyone to grant him a loan?' asked the poet. 'These films, as you call them, are you admit of no use to anybody. Surely some of his friends will help him.'

'Not they,' said the apparitor. 'Films are films, and they are not so easy to make now-a-days in the City, that a man can afford to spare any for his bankrupt friends. No, he will ultimately have to go through the Court.'

'The Bankruptcy Court?' enquired the country gentleman.

'No,' replied the other, 'the Court of the Sleepers—a business spirit who has lost his money, and can get no more by hook or by crook, has nothing else to exist for, and may qualify as soon as possible for annihilation. But if you have seen enough of this quarter of the city, gentlemen, I think it is time to move on.'

[*To be continued.*]

BISHOP PATTESON AND THE SOUTH SEA LABOUR TRAFFIC.

BY THE REV. H. S. FAGAN.

THE other day they wanted me to lecture, and I chose for my subject Marco Polo. The caterpillar must spin his web out of what he has last been eating, and I had been devouring Colonel Yule's glorious book, and remembering the days when I used to delight in an old Mandeville with cuts, and used to read out of Purchas the part which set Coleridge writing. So I told them all about Kublai Khan, and his splendour, and his unlucky gout, which confined him on hunting-days to that gold-plated room, carried by four elephants, out of which he could fire as soon as one of the Mongol barons riding by cried, 'Sire, look out for cranes.' I told them of Ching Chang fu, the old Kinsey, vastest city that has ever been; and of the golden king of the Sung dynasty, who would have no one but the loveliest damsels to wait on him; and of the green mountain and its palace—the original of that pleasure-dome in Xanadu. And then I tried to point out how Cathay came to be lost, so thoroughly that the Jesuits would not believe China was the same place, and good, zealous Benedict went determined to try Polo's old overland route, and, 'seeking Cathay, found heaven.' Cathay was certainly lost in part by the unworthiness of Christians. Popes quarrelled; it was Pope against anti-Pope; and the Polos, sent home by Kublai to get missionaries, could only get two Dominicans, who both turned tail the moment the real hardships of the journey began. As soon as the Mongols began to find how Christians behaved during the Crusades, it was all over with the cause of Christianity. While the Templars cultivated the vineyards of Masdeu (Maison dieu) by Saracen slaves, whom they would not convert, that they might not have to emancipate them, Christianity was necessarily hindered among those who, of course, saw most of its weakest side—the unworthiness of its professors, their inferiority even to average heathens in honesty and kindness.

This, too, accounts for the shutting up of China and Japan. Do you

know the volumes of maritime and inland discovery in the old *cabinet Cyclopædia*? I remember as a boy reading page after page of how the Portuguese discoverers illustrated Christianity along the Chinese seaboard—how, for instance, they used to hunt for the islands just off shore where the natives buried their dead, and used to rifle the graves for the sake of the gold which was sure to have been buried with them. Read those histories, and you won't wonder at the Chinese wishing to have as little as possible to do with 'outer barbarians.' I even think a man who rifled a churchyard for the sake of the possible gold rings and lead coffins would not be inappropriately called a 'devil;' and I should not be surprised if, difference of colour being superadded, that feeling of solidarity which the most thinking and educated men can't wholly shake off, should fix on the countrymen of such ruffians the epithet of 'white devils.'

This explains to me a great deal of the Chinese difficulty, and makes me understand how the poor young Emperor is unable to take his majority 'on account of missionaries and the opium trade.' Here are 300 millions of people 'for whom also Christ died' (as Colonel Yule reminds us, whatever polygamists may say about Christianity being suited for Turanian races), kept aloof from Christianity because of the hateful form in which it has almost always been presented to them in the persons of its lay professors. That thought never left my mind all through my reading of Polo. That was why the Cross had been planted to no purpose at Singanfu, on the Upper Hooughs; that was why relay after relay of missionaries had worked and died without tangible result.

But since I read Colonel Yule, the news has come of Bishop Patteson's death; and if I went to lecture again I should leave moralising about the loss of Cathay and the growth of Chinese suspicion, and say something about the wrongs of aborigines, who, unlike the Chinese, have neither numbers nor wit to support them in the struggle.

I don't want to waste myself in platitudes: let us come to business. This kidnapping has, after ruining several missions, making Christianity impossible in half-a-hundred islands, causing the death of lots of boats' crews; 'avenged (?)' by the shelling of lots of native villages,—at last brought about, in a way clear enough to satisfy even the legal mind, the murder of a valued and devoted bishop. We therefore claim that Government should at once interfere effectually—telegraph forthwith to Sydney and to Queensland, and say that either the traffic must be *bond fide* regulated or (as this seems impossible) that it must stop altogether. At present, when I read in Captain Palmer's cruise of the 'Rosario,' the trial of the 'Daphne,' and the summing-up of the Australian judge, I am reminded of what Chief Justice Amory said to the Legislative Council

of New Zealand: 'The position of the native race is an anomalous one. *They are practically without rights.*' So it is with these Kingsmill Islanders, New Hebrideans, and so on; their evidence is inadmissible; they can't be listened to except through the very men whose interest it is to oppress them. But though without rights, they have their duties plainly enough marked out; and if they are even suspected of shirking them, the Queensland magistrate is ready to clap them into prison, and to mulct them of a year or eighteen months of their wretched wages. And what a school of culture, what a place for growth in civilisation, is one of those Queensland gangs. I say nothing of Fiji: the islands are lawless, and so we can't expect much, or rather we can be certain of a great deal; but Queensland is under civilised rule. Well, you may read in Captain Palmer what he thinks a native Christian, such as Missionary Wood's Roturuah men, will gain by three years in Queensland. I had a pupil, too, who went out there, not at all an enthusiast or philanthropist. He worked on an estate himself, and he told me what most of all made his heart bleed was the mixture in these gangs of men of all kinds. Christians from the French islands, educated and refined; converts from Wesleyan or Presbyterian settlements; along with half-human creatures from the wild islands, and broken-down rascals who had learnt every sort of villany on board European ships. All these were herded together like beasts—ill-fed, hard-worked, shockingly housed, often ill-treated and sworn at. And yet Australian judges 'doubt if the removal of these natives is not for the good of them and of their countrymen.' Good? for the merest savage to find himself taken from his free, happy life, and set to work of which he never had any idea—work which is so foreign to his instincts that the poor creatures hang themselves rather than go on in that daily routine, which to the savage is the hardest task of all. Good? to be under a Queensland overseer, and if he outlives his term, and is fortunate enough to have interest made for him, to carry back with his enfeebled frame all the choice blackguardism that that worthy has taught him. I say, if he is fortunate enough, for 'not a native (says Captain Palmer) has ever got back to Erromanga;' and the same is true of scores of other islands. You would not give much for the chance of a 'labourer' getting back while there was any work left in him. Good? Yes, these kidnappers are 'pioneers of civilisation,' so of course it must be good. Is it Goldwin Smith who asks what would have happened to England if, instead of St. Augustine and his monks, a set of men had come to Kent, about A.D. 600, as superior to our forefathers in all arts and sciences as we are to the Polynesians, and bent on using their superiority as our 'pioneers' and planters use ours? I don't think Mr. Kingsley would ever have existed to talk of 'rotting races,' for the Anglo-Saxons themselves would have rotted

under such treatment. The very surest recipe for destroying a race is to treat it as these poor creatures are being treated.

And now for the traffic (which, as Lord Granville wrote in April, 1869, to Sir T. Blackall, '*is not a mere Queensland question, but a matter affecting foreign, though uncivilised creatures, and the honour of the British name in connection with them.*' Bravo, my lord; but why, then, was it not stopped in time and Bishop Patteson saved? That is just three years ago; and it has been getting worse. 'The Polynesian Labour Act of 1868,' says a memorial of the citizens of Brisbane, signed by their mayor in March, 1869, 'has wholly failed to accomplish its purpose; it is powerless to prevent the abuses *arising out of this traffic*; while it also fails to prevent deception both in the manner of obtaining labourers and in the mode of entering into the agreements alleged to be binding on them.' How can it be otherwise when, as the planter's evidence shows (Mr. J. Macdonald and others before the Sydney Royal Commission in 1869), 'it is impossible through an interpreter to make them understand the nature of such an agreement as is made on behalf of the employers of labour? while (as Judge Stephen explains) the Labour Act, in strictness, requires from the men hired no writing, and from the hiring agent the use of no particular form. . . . No clause in the statute prescribes in terms the conditions of the original hiring; and the contract may be oral, therefore, and entered into or formally ratified at any time.' That is, the kidnapped may be kept out at sea till they are starved into submission, and then what is called the contract may be orally made and witnessed anywhere. Oh, Judge Stephen, if that is the law, is it not a clear case for immediate legislation, and might not a judge well throw off his robe and refuse indignantly to administer such fearful injustice as that? 'But,' says the Act, 'on arrival at Brisbane (there is nothing about Fiji;—so tender are we of the *rights* of savages that we won't even pass labour acts for our planters out there) the master of every labour-ship is to show a *certificate*, signed by a consul, missionary, or other known person, that the labourers have voluntarily engaged themselves, with a full understanding of the nature and conditions of their agreements.' Very good, if it was fairly carried out; but mark how it worked in the case of the 'Daphne,' seized by Captain Palmer. Ross Lewin, the chief scoundrel concerned, instead of getting his certificate properly filled up, *signed it himself*, and got his supercargo and mate to put down their names as 'known persons,' making the natives add their marks, just as if ten thousand native marks would prove anything.¹ This the judge (speaking of a miscreant

¹ Says Mr. James Row (planter), in evidence before the Commission, 'How could the best of interpreters explain what thirty-six moons mean, when they can only count in many islands as far as five?'

who has grown old in the traffic) called 'mistaking the provision, or being misled by the printed form.' Don't we want summary legislation? and is not such a system (as the Brisbane petitioners aver) 'sure to be disastrous in its effects, not only on the moral and religious progress of the natives carried off, but also on missionary work in the islands?' 'I have scarcely seen an islander (says a planter before the Commission) who has returned from Fiji or Queensland without learning more harm than good from his contact with the whites — not only as to drinking. I'd sooner trust my life on a down-right savage island than on one where the people had been among whites.'

Of course the Brisbane petition was not listened to; too many of the members of the Legislative Assembly of Queensland own runs and speculations themselves, many of them having partners in Sydney who naturally strain all their interest to keep up the traffic, as every 'nigger' is so many pounds into their pockets. If, then, redress is hopeless from this august assembly, we must take the matter into our own hands. If the hobbadihoy, who has been so nearly set free from all parental control, shows that he can't (or won't) keep up the honour of his father's name, the father must act; for (says Lord Granville to Sir George Blackall) '*this is not a mere Queensland question.*' Don't let us forget that.

Emphatically, I say, let everyone who may read this determine to do something in the matter, if it be only *liberare animam*, by signing a petition against partial legislation. 'Cases' may be multiplied to any extent in which *utu* follows an outrage by white men; while, as to the state to which the kidnapped are brought, the Sydney and Brisbane papers alike speak of it as mere slavery. I dare say it is not so bad as working in the Guano, to which those model Christians, the Peru folks, set poor South Sea Islanders; but it is so bad that not only do wilder natives hang themselves or make off and live like wild beasts in the scrub, but a set of 'unfortunate Polynesians (says the 'Brisbane') broke away from work at Banchory, and marched down to Rockhampton, hoping to get back to their island, Maré. The poor fellows held a service on Sunday in the Court House. They had hymn books, testaments, &c.; one preached earnestly and eloquently; all behaved with marked decorum. It is a pity such well-conducted men should be brought here for shepherding—an occupation for which they are wholly unfitted. . . . Comic enough, but for the misery it entails, to entrap a Maré man who never saw a sheep in his life and set him down in the bush; why the fellow could not help giving up, he would have perished else. But I return to the point, that we want legislation, speedy and sharp; if any one doubts it send him to the commander of H.M.S. 'Rosario.' Captain Palmer assures us that his book was written 'with the sole object of exposing the deeds.

that have been done among the beautiful islands of the South Pacific, by men calling themselves Englishmen, and whose transactions have been invariably carried on under cover of our glorious old flag.'

Somewhat mortifying that the French coolie trade is under the most stringent regulations, *bona fide* carried out; and that they, in spite of their commune and their war indemnity, 'have every reason to complain of the abominable system carried on by British vessels.' 'The French never make good colonists,' is an English axiom; but they do protect the aborigines more effectually than our energetic Anglo-Saxons.

Of course when our 'traders' steal people from the Loyalty islands, it is time for the French to cry out, and we must not complain if a little *odium theologicum* comes in, and if Roman missionaries, protesting against their converts being sent to learn a higher civilisation in a Queensland *ergastulum*, should think that missionary churches connive at the traffic. No doubt French authorities are very glad of the chance of paying us tit for tat. We took them to task about the coolies not many years ago; they can now return the compliment, and, unhappily, shameful facts enable them to return it with interest.

Every page of Captain Palmer's book justifies the French. At Aniteum, southernmost of the New Hebrides, head-quarters of the Presbyterian Mission, he finds Dr. Geddie just returned from a missionary cruise, and full of the chiefs' complaints about kidnapping. At one place in Espiritu Santo (the largest of the group), the natives would have nothing to do with the missionaries—the chief even refusing a present: 'a chief and six men having recently been carried off by force.' At another place only one man remained on the beach, the rest flying to the forest the moment the boat from the 'Dayspring' began to pull ashore. At Three Hills Island the natives threateningly forbade their landing '*although years before this traffic had sprung up, both Bishops Selwyn and Patteson were treated very kindly by them.*' As we shall see by-and-by, what Capt. Palmer says of Bishop Patteson is only too prophetic.

Do you wonder that suspicion has taken the place of native frankness? Is a new Hebridean likely to be so logical as always to see through the fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*? I remember when the potato-disease was said to be God's punishment for the grant to idolatrous Maynooth. I read placards to this effect on the walls of Islington, and I heard scores of educated people assert their belief in the 'fact.' How then can I wonder if a Three Hills islander assumes that, because kidnapping has followed close in the wake of the missionaries, the one is connected to the other. Savages undoubtedly believe in a joint fellowship between all whites. It is easy to say they are fools for so doing; but, remember white people sometimes do much the same thing. During the Indian mutiny, not only the soldiers, who on landing could

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hardly be kept from running a muck among the peaceable water-carriers and dock porters of Calcutta, but planters, newspaper-editors, and even some civilians got bitten with the same idea, that all 'niggers' were much of a muchness, and that if you could not catch a rebel red-handed, the next best thing was to 'pot' the next wretched runaway you came near.

If the chief of Three Hills Island understood things properly, no doubt he would put his island under martial law, and make it death for any white man to be caught upon it. He would have precisely the same justification which we had in many of our Indian procedures. But the chief is a savage; so he kills the first white man he can catch, and lays on his heart a palm branch with five knots upon it, to shew that it is not chance medley or murder, but deliberate judicial vengeance, for the slaying of five of his people. A good deal of what the Prussians did by way of punishing little affairs like that of Ablis was just on the same principle. A kills B; A is a franc-tireur who swoops down upon a railway bridge, in order to cut the evening communications: B's comrades can't catch A, so they catch the first of A's countrymen who comes in their way; *and though they know he has had no more to do with it than they have*, they shoot him 'in pursuance of notice given;' and this is civilised warfare, and Christian newspapers applaud, and Mr. Carlyle thinks it all right. But at the Antipodes, A is a kidnapper, the very scum of white society, the modern representative of the old harpies, polluting all he comes near, and his swoop is not for patriotic ends, but 'to make up his pile' by one shipload more to Fiji or Queensland. He invites the natives on board, and when they are half drunk, or busy examining the cabins, or watching a sailor's hornpipe, he sets sail, cutting adrift the canoes, and revolver in hand driving their owners under hatches. There's a row, one native is killed on deck: a dozen more jump overboard, of whom three are 'winged' by the crew, and sink, one is eaten by a shark, the rest catch their canoes or get to shore 'somehow. Thus B, in the South Pacific, means five natives treacherously done to death in pursuance of infamous gain. A is never seen again near that island; but when C comes (who may be a harmless sandal wood cutter and *bêche de mer* gatherer), can we wonder if, though not 'in pursuance of notice given,' B's clansmen should hold it a religious duty to slay C? and if, C being so slain, a man-of-war is sent in (as Captain Palmer reminds us has too often been the case) to shell poor B's village. Don't you agree with him, that that is putting men-of-war to rather an improper use?

But suppose C is a Bishop? Well; before Captain Palmer's book was heard of, a pupil of mine—an Oriel man, who took to Australia instead of reading for a degree—told me about the schooner painted white, like the 'Southern Cross,' and the venerable man in white tie and clerical suit, who rowed ashore and explained 'your good bishop is ill, and can't leave

his cabin ; come on board and get his blessing.' As the poor fellows come up the ship's side, they hear that the bishop has broken his leg, and as it is so close down below, he'll have them down only three or four at a time, the rest may wait on deck so as not to rob the good man of the fresh air which is so necessary for him just now. Down goes the first batch, and is received, not by the bishop, but by 'pioneers of civilisation,' who, with pistols to their heads, threatening instant death if they cry out, pass them into the hold through a hole cut in the bulk-head. There their hands are tied behind them, and they are left to ruminate over the blessings which the white man brings. The hatches have been battened down, so nothing can be known on shore, whence soon come the women in canoes laden with yams, cocoa-nuts and bananas—a present for his lordship. The fruit is got on board ; the women are kicked overboard ; the canoes are cut adrift ; and amid screams and lamentations, and the brutal laughter of the ruffianly crew, the schooner stands out to sea.

Had I not known my friend well, and been quite sure that of all men in the world he was most incapable of exaggerating, I should have felt as Herodotus did when the Egyptian priest told him about Crophi and Mophi. But, if any one doubts my authority (he has written 'a book about Queensland,' which tells a good deal more of this traffic), Captain Palmer (p. 188), will bear me out. *He says Bishop Patteson assured him that the thing had been done ;* and he adds 'owing to this, serious thoughts were entertained for the bishop's safety during his cruise of 1869.' Is not this a prophecy ?

Well : you see how it is that C is not safe, even though he is a missionary bishop, after A has made the name of missionary an offence by his ingenious mode of 'black-birding.' Barbary corsairs and even European buccaneers used sometimes, we are told, to get themselves up like passenger ships ; and some of the crew would even dress up like ladies in shades and straw hats, and like inoffensive old gentlemen in broadcloth and chimney pots, in order to lull the suspicions of some passing merchantman. I can fancy a captian who had just managed to beat off such a crew, would be very much inclined to take a long shot at the next straw hat and green veil which he might see above a strange ship's gunwale, even though they might cover the head of a *bonâ fide* skipper's wife, or of some young *fiancée* on her way out to India.

But the thing is too solemn to joke about ; when Captain Porter heads a chapter 'Man-stealers *versus* Missionaries, which will win the day ?' and when the practical command is supplied by a death of Judge Patteson's noble, self-denying son—not killed in a wild broil, but solemnly 'by the avengers of blood,' after the behest of some island Areopagus ; and placed there in his boat with the five palm-knots on his

breast, I think something ought to be done by men-of-war, not in the way of shelling villages, but in carrying out what Captain Palmer began with the 'Rosario.'

Mr. M'Nair, the missionary, settled with his wife on Erromanga, says: 'Numbers of our people have been taken away by the traders: in most, if not in all cases, they were seduced on board by false promises of tobacco, &c.; "*they didn't understand anything about engagement.*"'

The daughter of the principal chief at Dillon's Bay, tells how a skipper got nine Erromangans on board by telling them he had plenty of fat pigs for their coming feast, and also lots of tobacco. When they wanted to return, he put them down under hatches; they cried a good deal.

The same thing occurs all round the island, which is a great coolie preserve, for the Erromangans are an excessively stupid race, not even allowing their pigs to multiply, but killing them all off for their feasts, and of course the stupider they are, the easier it is to entrap them, though the poor creatures are worth very little as labourers—they are by constitution helplessly lazy, and hang themselves (as the old Haytians did) when lashed up to their work. '*Not a single native* (says Captain Porter), *that has been taken away from Erromanga has ever come back.*' It is the old story of cruelty and injustice, which is bearing such bitter fruit to many devoted men and women, who are labouring to turn these poor heathens 'from darkness to light.' The Captain does not often moralize, he writes intelligently, sailor-like, about everything—the crews' pets, the French dinner at Noumea, the Aztec-like statues on Easter Island, the geological subsidences and upheavals, &c.; and as to the main object of his book, he states matter of fact, showing the clearness of his case, and how it was 'burked' in the Sydney Courts, and what the Australian press thought on the subject. But while at Erromanga, with Mr. and Mrs. M'Nair, '*living on insufficient fare, at which an English labourer would turn up his nose, with brackish water, swarms of insects, and a sweltering, poisonous atmosphere: Mr. M'Nair and his wife seemed in very delicate health, as the atmosphere is hot and unwholesome. The banks are covered with dense vegetation, the smell of which is overpowering to the senses, and the moisture of the river is fatal, deadly poison to Europeans. The place being quite sheltered from the beneficial effects of the trade wind, is most unfit for delicate people, and I longed to take them out of it, and give them a good sea cruise*' (p. 55). These are your comfortable missionaries, doing better for themselves out there than they could do at home. He cannot help lifting up his voice against 'the wicked nonsense that is talked about missionaries. I was angry,' (he says) 'when I see the sneer about a pretty cottage in the shade of a cocoa-nut grove, with beautifully wooded

hills as a background, and Mr. and Mrs. Missionary in rocking chairs in front, with nothing on earth to trouble them.' The fact is the missionary out there is our sole living protest against treacherous cruelty of which heathens would be ashamed: but for him, the work would have gone on 'swimmingly,' and before now the labour-traffic would have ended in many of the islands, for the same reason for which the Van Diemens' aborigines have ceased to cost Government anything. 'A meddling, tell-tale set, making mischief between us and the natives: we could get on well enough with them, if it wasn't for the lies and the fetching and carrying, and the interference of these preachers. Why don't they stay at home, and preach in the Haymarket, or stand behind a counter, as many of them did before they took to missionarying?' That's the planter's language; it is their way of looking at things: but the missionary has read in his Ecclesiastes about the 'tears of those who were oppressed, while on the side of their oppressors was power,' and having also studied Isaiah on the same subject, he is by no means so desponding as the preacher was, but thinks himself bound to lift up his voice against manifest wrong. Captain Palmer's testimony comes just at the right time, and is just to the point. I am thankful to him for telling the truth about 'God-fearing men, bearing their lives in their hands, living alone, often in an unhealthy climate, frequently surrounded by savages who have murdered their predecessors, and may perhaps kill them. . . and who too often see the little work they have done, after weeks and months of patience, dashed to the ground and indefinitely thrown back by the shameful acts of their own countrymen.'

What's the use of multiplying evidence? At the north end of Tamia, a schooner hove-to, off the point where two lads had brought some coconuts for barter. A boat came half-way on shore, and hailed the lads to swim off with the nuts; they did so, and when alongside they were dragged into the boat by the hair of their heads and put on board the schooner, which sailed off with them. The chief, their father, saw it all; but was too far up the hill to give any help; so he ran to two Englishmen, who were living in the place (one of whom was Captain Porter's informant), and warned them to clear out, as mischief would come of it. At Port Resolution, whither the two Englishmen went, they met the schooner, and told the skipper how his conduct had caused a break-up of their establishment, getting well laughed at by way of redress.

Such stories were wont to be rife when the 'Rosario' was in the wake of the notorious 'Young Australian,' with its presiding spirits, Albert Ross Howell and Hugo Levinger, whose names deserve gibbetting, and of whose 'salvation' even a Universalist would despair.

These wretches, like African slavers, get up wars between the natives

on opposite sides of an island, so as to secure 'labourers' from both; they catch fishermen, enticing them up to sell their fish and then cutting their canoes adrift or sinking them: 'One man cried very much and was not greatly consoled when they told him they were not going to fight or eat him, *but only to steal him.*'

Here is a pretty little scene: the 'Young Australian'—master Howell, supercargo Levinger, aforesaid, and (save the mark!) *with a license from Consul Thurston* (we are told it was the last he ever issued), lay off Palma, with some seventy natives on board; part of the crew were Roturuah men, one of whom afterwards told the tale to Captain Palmer. Three natives passed in a canoe, a boat went after them and caught them, but they leapt overboard. They were pursued, and in dragging them in, a hole was made through one of their cheeks with a boathook. They were thrust into the hold; but the prisoners who were there already began jeering at them, especially at the man, a chief, with the hole in his cheek. It seems all the seventy had not been handcuffed, and the three had been forced down without being deprived of their bows and arrows. So a free fight began, cocoa-nuts and billets of wood being met by the arrows of the new comers. The second mate said to Captain Porter's witness and the rest of the crew, 'Take guns and shoot those three.' 'No, no,' cried Levinger, 'don't shoot, but make them fast.' This was easier said than done; and as no one dared to go down into the hold where the three stood at bay (I wish I was a Macaulay to make a 'lay' about them) Levinger at last said 'Shoot them in the legs, but mind you don't kill them.' It was getting dark; a ball of cotton steeped in kerosene was put at the end of a long iron rod, and held down into the hold to light it up; and three whites and two Roturuah men fired away at their victims. Two soon fell, and the gallant old chief shot away 'till his arrows were used up, wounding the two natives. The three white men had kept safely behind the bulkhead. At last the three *who had been fighting for their liberty on board an English vessel* (the italics are Captain Palmer's) were hauled on deck: two were dead, the chief still retained a little life. His head was split open with an axe, and the three were thrown overboard.'

It will scarcely be believed that these wretches got off with what was an almost nominal punishment for men of their antecedents. Levinger got seven years' hard labour, Howell and one of the blacks got penal servitude for life—'the first three years in irons, which however were struck off after a few days by order of the Colonial Secretary.' What these sentences meant, any one who knows about Australia can estimate. Such an one will know, too, that the only effectual deterrent would have been to have hanged and quartered master and supercargo on Palma Island, and then to have sent part of their carcasses round to each of the

New Hebrides, in proof that justice does not always content itself with shelling native villages.

The point urged in defence by Sir James Martin was that native evidence was not admissible, and that the witnesses knew nothing of the nature of an oath; whereas it was proved that the chief witness had been baptized and thoroughly taught by Mr. Fletcher, a Wesleyan missionary in Roturuah, which island was so moral that Mr. C. Wood, a planter, giving evidence before the Sydney Royal Commission, in 1869, said that prostitution was unknown in the island, and told how his own Roturuah labourers walked, and always had prayers and hymns among themselves, and one day walked off twelve miles to hear a sermon. One man put a sovereign into the plate, and each of the rest half-a-crown, so that it was not laziness which made them go to church.

Other very bad cases Captain Palmer gives, which wholly broke down because it was ruled that native evidence was worthless. Sometimes the natives were consistent Christians; other times (in Consul Thurston's words) 'qualified to perjure themselves like Christians, they could not be accepted. Fiji, of which we hear so much, is 'the paradise of seedy villains from New Zealand and Australia. At Levuka, the town of Viti (Fiji) Levu, every third house is a drink-shop, and scenes take place daily which have never occurred except in the Far West before vigilance committees made a clearance. . . . The majority of the planters are the biggest scoundrels unhung.' They flog their natives, and rub Chili-pepper into their backs; one tied his native mistress to a tree and cut off her great toe with a hammer and chisel, and then went to Sydney to ask for vengeance because her tribe came down and burnt his houses with fifty bales of ready-ginned cotton. Two men from Melbourne came to a tribe and told them, as they had bought the ground on which their village stood, they must trouble them to decamp. The natives declined; on which these precious land-jobbers burnt down their villages. The natives thereupon seized them; but the Consul warning them not to take the law in their own hands (oh, fie, Mr. Consul! where there is no law is not Judge Lynch better than none?) they let them go. 'The ruffians then made off to a hill-top, and with repeating rifles, aided by field-glasses, had some very pretty practice on the natives of both sexes,'—Mr. Consul, let me hope, feeling that he had made a little mistake.

A consul in such a place has by no means an enviable position; and Captain Palmer's book shows how the presence of a man-of-war is necessary to prevent his authority from being altogether set at nought.

Here is a sample of how Fiji is provided with labour:—'Jemmy, a Kingswill islander, went on board a certain schooner to sell mats . . . It was late, and the white men told him he could sleep on board. There

were sixty or seventy of them, besides fifteen women. In the morning they found no land in sight. "Don't be frightened," said the skipper; "you're only going to an island close by." It was not till they got to Fiji that they heard that they were to work for thirty moons.' These people are, by the planters' own showing, no use; never having been used to any manual work, and being of very poor physique, besides being sulky and revengeful.

Captain Palmer's estimate of the Fiji planters is not high. These gentry were virtuously indignant at being charged with kidnapping and strongly repudiated all such charges, and called on the captain of the 'Rosario' to investigate their system and the treatment of their labourers. But Captain Palmer briefly reminded them (1st) that, incontrovertibly, most horrible acts of cruelty had been committed by some Fiji planters, and that no public meeting had been held to condemn them; (2nd) that they themselves were the people who ought on all occasions to strengthen the consul's hands, whether it suited their individual convenience or not; whereas, at this very time, two vessels (the counsel complained) were away after natives without a license; (3rd) *that every native as yet examined complained of having been kidnapped.*

Soon after a public meeting was held, of course Captain Palmer was not there; but some of his officers told him it was screaming fun, one man gravely proposing 'That this 'ere meetin' do adjourn for a drink, it being damn'd hot.'

So much for Fiji planters, and their righteous indignation; now let me tell you a story which will show what sort of fellows some of the Queenslanders are. My authority is my Oriel pupil, whom I know to be incapable of 'dressing up' a story. It was near Port Lyttleton; a shepherd or two had been killed—whether speared by natives or poisoned at some well 'prepared' for blacks to drink at, it does not much matter. The settlement was in commotion; and one Sunday afternoon, hearing that some black fellows were near, the whole *posse comitatus* sallied out and surrounded the natives, *killing every creature* except one girl. Her the judge, who had headed the raid, tied to his horse and dragged into town, and did with her what he pleased that night, and cowhided her out next morning to die in a ditch, of shame and exhaustion. He was the judge, mark you; the Christian judge. Does not that make the ends of your fingers tingle, and your teeth grind, as *quousque Dominie quousque* (cry never more needed for any such under the altar) bursts out from your bosom? My pupil is no milksop, no nigger worshipper, he shot down a black man and glories in the deed; but that Sunday raid and what followed—can you stomach it? Wouldn't you like to find out that *judge* was 'a Rooshian or a Prooshian,' a countryman of the man of blood and iron, anything rather than an Englishman? All Australian

judges are not (thank God!) like that. I was once at Bath, at a big meeting of the Propagation Society; I fancy Bishop Wilberforce was there, I know we had a good many clerical bigwigs. Late on in the affair rose up a layman, who was listened to with the deep attention which a layman of mark (not an Indian Colonel, I mean) gets when he speaks at such a meeting. He does not speak to order, we know. He said a good deal which Captain Palmer repeats, about the missionary being often the only barrier (slender enough) between the native and nameless oppression and cruelty. He characterised as it deserved the saucy hypocrisy which pretends that such men 'make the black man discontented;' and he wound up by describing (he had been a judge in South Australia) 'the best day's work I ever did in my life.' There was a party of white ruffians, half bushranger, half settler, men who thought less of murdering a 'nigger' than of killing a kangaroo; they had had some cattle stolen, and coming upon a tribe of blacks they at once suspected them of being the thieves. So they fell upon them, and with circumstances of atrocious cruelty massacred almost the whole of them. 'I,' said that righteous judge, 'got scent of this, caught the men, tried them, and hanged seven' (I believe the number was); and I agree with him, no man could have done a better day's work; earth had at least seven fewer scoundrels to bear the iniquities of.

Let us hope that as it is with Australian judges so it is with Fiji planters—not all are bad. Still they lead their consul a sad life; if they want protection the British ægis is somehow marvellously extended over all the group; if their pockets are touched the consul is made to feel that every man's house is his castle, and that Mr. Consul has not a shadow of authority outside the thirty feet square of the consulate.

I wish I was permanently quartered with a ship, and what Captain Palmer calls 'a good hairy boatswain's mate and a couple of quarter-masters,' to help the consul against rowdies. '*Here is a gentleman who will show the natives what civilisation means* (p. 98.) . . . He sees a young native outside the drink-shop, whom he immediately salutes by hitting him right between the eyes, knocking him down, and cutting his face with his Brummagem ring. The native, a young Hercules, who could kill the wretched creature at a single blow, contents himself with shaking him as a terrier would a rat, till his cadaverous jaws rattle. Some bystanders separate them, and the "mean white" sneaks back into his drink-shop vowing vengeance against all niggers.' What can the Wesleyan mission do against such influences as this? I always think of my father and the Cinghalese gentleman who brought him round through a very bad dysentery at Batticalon. 'Why don't you turn Christian (my father asked him one evening when they were smoking confidentially),

you think just as we do, and you've got no prejudices?' 'No, no, I've seen too many of your Christians on the beach at Colombo.'

South Sea 'black-birding' is generally in a retail way; so the horrors which occur when a ship load of Chinese coolies find out they have been cheated and rise in their revenge, are seldom enacted. Captain Palmer gives one instance: the 'Mary Ann Christian' had 280 natives on board; they rose, killing the captain, and a Mr. Latin (well known in the kidnapping circles) and the first mate. Then, seeing the vessel was drifting out to sea, the natives leaped overboard, *only thirty reaching land*. That is a pretty little sample of the blessings of civilisation: the ship had a Tahitian crew, the only other European being the second mate, who kept firing revolvers at the natives, so long as there was any on board to fire at.

But I must come to Captain Palmer's *coup de maître*, the capture of the 'Daphne,' which came in with 100 natives on board, while the 'Rosario' was off Levuka. This vessel was licensed by the Queensland Government to procure fifty natives for Brisbane; here she was bringing double that number to Fiji. Moreover, her log-book had been tampered with; her license and engagements seemed to Captain Palmer (so irregular were they throughout), not worth the paper they were written on. She had no clearance for the port she came from, 600 miles dead to windward of that to which she was bound. I am afraid her being 'fitted up just like an African slaver, minus the irons, and full of double her complement of stark-naked, emaciated, and terrified wretches, without even a mat to lie on, and arranged just as if for a lot of pigs—no bunks or partitions of any kind'—the rule in those seas; *yet she* had been inspected by a Government officer at Queensland. The extreme length of the 'Daphne' was 73 ft., her length for tonnage 62 ft., extreme breadth 18 ft., depth of hold 10 ft.: this will give an idea of her fitness to carry 100 '*passengers*.' The Imperial Passengers' Act orders that only one adult shall be carried in the tropics for every fifteen clear superficial feet; the 'Daphne's' 'shelves' could only hold 76 out of the 100, *by packing them as close as they could possibly lie*.

No interpreter was on board; it was, therefore, quite impossible that the 100 could hire themselves out as free labourers. The interpreter used in decoying this shipload had been left 'conveniently sick' at Tanna, so as to be ready to pick up more natives for the next ship that should come in. Captain Palmer very properly puts his senior sub-lieutenant, the Hon. R. Bingham, with a prize crew on board the 'Daphne,' and sends her to Sydney; the natives he was forced to leave with Consul Thurston: first, because they were physically unfit for another sea-voyage; next, because their oath would not be received in a court of law.

Not till fourteen days after the 'Daphne' came in, were Doggett and Pritchard, her master and supercargo, arrested and taken to the Water Police Court. During this time they had been thoroughly primed what to swear to and what not to say. The Crown solicitor's counsel, on the other hand, 'knew as much about the matter as the man in the moon, having only been engaged late the previous evening.'

One point was made a great deal of by the prisoners' counsel: when the 'Rosario's' boats were landing the 'Daphne's' cargo, the officer on duty of course wore his sword, and so the poor wretches fancied they were going to be killed and eaten, and were with some difficulty persuaded to go ashore. 'This,' said the counsel for the defence, 'showed with what fondness the natives clung to the vessel from which this meddling officer was tearing them;' in fact, Captain Palmer was the man-stealer, Doggett and Co. the protectors of aggrieved niggers.

The trial resembled the celebrated case of 'Bardell v. Pickwick'; nothing Captain Palmer said or wanted to say was evidence; old Doggett, got up with white hair and spectacles, seemed more like a missionary than a kidnapper; Dalley, the prisoner's counsel, in lavender kid gloves and an unexceptionable coat, was equal to the occasion, and cowed the bench with thunder of this kind: 'It is monstrous that English ships pursuing their lawful trade should be liable at any moment to capture by this Wilberforce of the Pacific.' And though the so-called re-engagements all bore false dates, and half-a-dozen Acts had been infringed in regard to numbers (at one time at least 122 were on board), clothing, feeding, &c., and though there was evidence to show that Doggett had all but sold his whole cargo, to a man who acted at pilot, at £4 10s. ahead, but had held them back, hearing the price had gone up to £6,—*the case was dismissed.*

The vessel had now to be tried in the Vice-Admiralty Court; but every possible hindrance was thrown in Captain Palmer's way by many influential Sydney men, who were owners or part owners of plantations in Queensland, and whose pockets would suffer if the traffic in natives was stopped. 'Why were you such a fool as to take her if you didn't expect to get any prize-money out of her?' asked one man, *before dinner in the drawing-room of Government House and in Lord Belmore's hearing?* It will scarcely be credited that, pending the trial of the vessel, the Chief Justice, Sir A. Stephen, made the following 'remarks': '... It will not be enough to show that *artifice* has been used, or *even falsehood told*, to induce the natives to enter into the agreements or contracts mentioned, if they really did enter into the contracts. The *morality* of the proceeding cannot be taken into consideration. The captain will have to prove that the natives were going to be passed into a state of real slavery by those who had taken them on board the "Daphne" ...'

Well may Captain Palmer ask, 'What does the word *slave* mean?' and will any layman wonder at the mysteries of the legal mind when this same Sir A. Stephen was writing unofficially to Lord Belmore to the effect that 'legislative action on the part of the Imperial Government is urgently required.' The Chief Justice cannot believe that a native decoyed on shipboard, to be carried to Fiji and sold for three years' service, is really 'a slave within the meaning of the Act:' he urges that 'there is no law whatever against importations, or against recruiting in the islands for them;' he wishes for a law which shall make 'everyone kept on board against his will a slave within the meaning of the Act.' I think we can echo that wish.

As Sir A. Stephen's remarks foretold, Captain Palmer lost his second trial also; his Honour ruled that 'all the *indicia* of a vessel engaged in a slave traffic must be thrown out in the case of one engaged in a *legitimate traffic*.' Unfortunately, all the evidence didn't come in in time: the ship—bearing a letter from Colonel Thurston, telling how he had at last got an interpreter, and had found that the 'Daphne's' whole cruise was a slaving one, and that a batch of natives who had escaped at Tanna were *re-captured*—was wrecked on a reef. Mr. Thurston had sent no witnesses; for their evidence was inadmissible.

So the expenses, £179 5s. 5d., fell upon 'the Wilberforce of the Pacific,' whom the Home Government, a few months after, repaid and promoted. I hope their doing so is an earnest that, now we have lost Bishop Patteson, they will not be content with shelling the villages of his murderers, but will stop the evil at its source. Only last year Bishop Patteson pointed out to the General Synod of New Zealand, who are the real criminals. You can read his letter in the January number of the 'Mission Field;' all that astonishes me in it is the reserve which withholds the names of certain 'lawless persons engaged in the trade.' Surely such miscreants should be held up to execration, to '*Der reinen menschen Abscheu*,' as Schiller has it. The captain of a whaler writes to the Bishop: 'Before this slaving began, natives freely brought us what they had to sell, for which we paid them in fish-hooks, hatchets, tobacco, &c. They thanked us; we thanked them. At times our decks were crowded. All this was to the slavers' advantage. Now, no native comes on board the whole ship, and we, in our turn, dare not land. Again, we used to carry people from one island to another, when they wished it, and they'd pay their fare in hogs, or other articles. This also has been taken advantage of, and the natives carried into slavery, instead of home. Should we be shipwrecked, our lives will go for those who have been stolen, and the natives will be called bloodthirsty, &c. . . . I hear they use your name to decoy natives on board; they inquire very particularly the whereabouts of your Southern Cross.' The Bishop

goes on to say he expects to hear of boats' crews killed. (A report had come of something of the kind at Espiritu Santo.) '*It is the white man's fault*; and it is unjust to punish the coloured man for doing what, under the circumstances, he may naturally be expected to do. People speak and write inconsiderately about the treachery of these islanders. I have experienced no instance of anything of the kind during fourteen years' intercourse with them; and I may fairly claim the right to be believed when I say, that if the Melanesian is treated kindly, he will reciprocate such treatment readily. *The conduct of many of these traders arouses all the worst suspicions and passions of the untaught man.* It is not difficult to find an answer to the question, Who is the savage, and who is the heathen man?'

Noble bishop, who, being dead, yet speaketh;—whose words are a prophesy too sadly fulfilled in himself. May he not have spoken in vain! Regrets are idle: he would not care for *turpes querimonie*. Our best tribute to his memory would be 'two small ships of war (which he recommends) cruising constantly off the islands, and especially near Queensland and Fiji, to intercept vessels bringing natives to their boats, and to see that the stringent regulations which ought to be enacted are *bonâ fide* carried out.' How I should like to be the captain of one of these small men-of-war, or even first sub-lieutenant, to be put in command of one of the prizes! *Ils en verraient des dures, ces gaillards-là*; 'I'd talk poetry to them,' as Captain Palmer calls it, in a style which should astonish them. And if Government can't afford a ship, why not give letters of marque to some of the many potential Rajah Brookes, who would be delighted to undertake the task? What's a good yacht but a sort of modern equivalent for the *destrère*, and the suit of armour of the old knight-errant? Why not go about the world, as he did, 'redressing human wrong?' It was grand to crush Malay pirates; they hindered the development of Singapore; but Messrs. Lewin and Latin and Doggett are worse than any Malay who ever handled a kreesse. Why not crush them? Why not prove to the world that Christianity is not a dead thing but a living power; that right does not depend on fossil law-terms interpreted by a Sydney judge, but on the thing being in accordance or not with God's justice.

It's very easy to run into position; one can hardly help it—*facit indignatio versum*. If I had a yacht, I'd move heaven and earth to get a sort of commission, and then catch me in Norway, or the Mediterranean, or the Hudson river. No; I'd go straight off to the South Seas, and would try to prove that even in this twilight of the gods divine, Nemesis is not dead. But peace: we have to think about that noble and self-sacrificing life, so sadly and so suddenly cut short; of that landing at Santa Cruz—of the strange change—wild revenge instead of reverent welcome—the

war-club instead of the outstretched hand,—and then the drifting canoe with such a freight!—‘the body wrapped carefully in a native mat, and a small bunch of cocoa-nut palm, *with five knots*—for five murdered men—stuck in the mat.’ We have to think and to revenge it, as he would have it revenged. ‘On Sept. 4th (the end came on Sept. 20th), the captain of the “Emma Bell” tells Mr. Atkin he was going to Santa Cruz for labour. *This news made the Bishop very uneasy, for he well knew that if a vessel went there, mischief would follow.* So he sailed up at once to ascertain if any vessels had been about.’ When they were off Santa Cruz canoes came out, *but lay-to more than a mile from the vessel.* This was strange, for they were wont to board them even seven miles off in their anxiety to see the Bishop. Fearless as ever, Patteson had a boat lowered. Not a week before the sad news reached us, I was at a village Propagation Society meeting, where we heard a good deal about Melanesia; for one of the bishops had gone out from the place and kept them pretty well posted up as to news. The pith of his letters was: the Bishop’s eager fearlessness—how he would dash into the water if the boat could not get close in, and their fear for him since this horrid slaving had made such a change in the natives. ‘We talked and advised, but there was something that made us all unhappy—a burdened feeling which we could not explain, but which, for all that, was most real, and not an afterthought. . . . Eager to land, the martyr won’t wait till his boat can find a gap in the reef; he gets into a canoe,—and that is the last that is seen of him alive.’

I don’t care to add anything to this; such a death is surely proof enough, if proof were wanting, that Captain Palmer was right. If you won’t believe a living officer of H.M. Navy, perhaps you’ll believe a dead bishop, when he says that this infamy must be put an end to, and then dies in unhappy confirmation of the truth of his own words. Is not this enough to convince even the official mind? If not, let England speak, loudly, with one voice, as the occasion deserves; and then we know the official ear is sure to listen obsequiously enough. I took the liberty, when the news first came, of writing to Mr. Gladstone about this matter, and had the honour of a reply through an official personage. The premier, I was told, did not understand what I meant by ‘that infamous labour-traffic.’ I submit that this must have been a mistake on the official personage’s part; for if Mr. Gladstone fails to see the infamy of it, he is (I fancy) the only thinking man in the three kingdoms whose vision is so sadly limited.

Two practical suggestions: ‘Queensland must have labour;’ granted; but that does not at all make it necessary that the world should be turned upside down, and a bishop sacrificed, and the cause of Christianity ruined, that a few planters may grow suddenly rich. Still, granted, I

say ; then why not give them the labour which has made Sydney what it is ? Because convict-labour involved evils under the old *régime*, that is no reason why it should not be very useful now-a-days under proper regulations. But, the climate ? That need be no obstacle ; Queensland itself has petitioned for convict-labour, let her have it. Surely we have a greater right to expose to unpleasant heat a convicted English scamp, than a poor deluded Polynesian. My other suggestion is that every mission-ship, 'Day Star,' and 'Southern Cross,' what not, should be henceforth a steamer. It will only need a little more 'effort' at home, perhaps only a different arrangement of funds ; and it will soon make the show sham missionary ship impossible ; nations will get to connect the steam and paddles (I'd have paddles) with the harmless visitors, and to behave accordingly. Steamers are not so plentiful that Howell & Co., will be able to charter them very readily.

There's plenty more to say, but the thing is to act. Those who want more facts had better go to my old pupils' 'Colonial Experiences and Adventures' (Bell & Daldy), he saw cargoes of 'coolies' discharged, worked with them, was offered an overseership on a labour-farm ; and he condemns the system even more energetically than Captain Palmer. I'll first give one hint—after telling of the shamefully bad food, the sham pay (nominally 10s. a month—really a little tobacco, which kills the islanders, and clothes, which they would much rather be without), the punishments (many of those he saw had bad sores on their ankles ; they had 'mutinied,' free volunteers as they were, as soon as they got an inkling of where they were to be taken), after describing the outer life of the *ergastulum* the 'University man' hints at the darkest feature of all : 'These are all young men, from eighteen to twenty-five, accustomed to pair as inevitably as an Englishman to wear clothes ; they are taken when the passions are strongest and kept in a worse state than that of the private attendants of an Eastern King,' and this is done 'for their moral and social benefit !' *Faugh*, don't we want the thing stopped altogether ?

Partial legislation, remember, is good for nothing. It will have all to be set right again in seven or eight years. We ought to have got beyond Las Casas, and a legalised slave-trade. The thing ought to be wholly done away with, for it is past all cure.

APHRODITÉ.

THE wind that swept along the shore
 In one grand pæan died away,
 And with the last faint echo of its roar
 Far o'er the deep there 'rose the break of day ;
 The heavy storm-clouds parted right and left,
 Red burned the flashes through the rugged cleft.

And then the sun clomb in the sky,
 To send a broad'ning crimson track
 Across the waves to where the wet sands lie,
 A glistening scythe that cuts the bold waves back ;
 And now and then, with quick'ning interval,
 Gleamed through the waves a light most magical.

And now the day was well begun,
 The sunrise rays had left the sea,
 The shamefaced clouds had fled before the sun,
 Of fairest blue the heavenly canopy ;
 'Twas then a wave that overtopped the rest
 Surged on, and bore *the Goddess* on its crest.

She crouched within a monster shell,
 Her blue-black hair around her clung,
 As shaking off a heaven-created spell,
 With sudden motion to her feet she sprung ;
 And iridescent gleams of green and gold
 Flashed from the shell in glories manifold.

Abroad her massy hair she threw
 And bared her white limbs to the day,
 With happy wonder in her eyes' deep blue
 She glanced around the circle of the bay ;
 And from the inner chambers of the shell,
 A sweet Æolian music 'gan to swell.

Then when her shell-car touched the strand
 She scanned the fertile valleys o'er,
 And, glad at heart, she raised her pink-white hand
 And sang, 'I love, I love,' and evermore
 With that sweet song and those sweet words doth ring
 The world where Aphrodité seeks her king.

G. CHRISTOPH DAVIES.

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THE FIGHT AT THE FORD BETWEEN FERDIAH AND CUCHULLIN.

An Episode from the Ancient Irish Epic Romance,
THE TAIN BÓ CUAILGNÉ; OR THE CATTLE PREY
OF CUAILGNÉ.

BY DENIS FLORENCE MAC-CARTHY, M.R.I.A.

'The *Tain Bó Chuailgné*,' says the late Professor O'Curry, 'is to Irish what the Argonautic Expedition, or the Seven against Thebes, is to Grecian history.' For an account of this, perhaps the earliest epic romance of Western Europe, see the Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Irish History, by the lamented scholar just quoted (p. 32).

The Fight of Cuchullin with Ferdiah took place at the Ford of Ardee, in the modern county of Lowth. It still preserves the name of the departed champion, Ardee being but the softened form of *Ath Ferdiah*, or Ferdiah's Ford.

The circumstances under which this famous combat took place are thus succinctly mentioned by O'Curry in his description of the *Tain Bó Cuailgné*:—

'Cuchulainn confronts the invaders of his province, demands single combat, and conjures his opponents by the laws of Irish chivalry (the *Fir comhlainn*) not to advance farther until they had conquered him. This demand, in accordance with the Irish laws of warfare, is granted; and then the whole contest is resolved into a succession of single combats, in each of which Cuchulainn was victorious.'—Lectures, p. 37.

The original text of this episode, from the vellum M.S. in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, with a literal translation by Professor William R. Sullivan, Ph.D., secretary of the Royal Irish Academy, on which the present metrical version is founded, may be consulted in the appendix to the forthcoming new Lectures by O'Curry; v. ii., p. 413.

THE FIGHT AT THE FORD.

CUCHULLIN the great chief had pitched his tent,
From Samhain¹ time, 'till now 'twas budding spring,
Fast by the Ford, and held the land at bay.
All Erin, save the fragment that he led,
His sword held back, nor dared a man to cross
The rippling Ford without Cuchullin's leave:

¹ 'Samhain.' *Samphain* or *Samhuin*. This is a compound word composed of *Sam*, an ancient Gaelic form of the present word *Samradh*, summer, and *fuin* an ancient Gaelic word for "end." So that *Samhain* means merely the "end of summer," and the name was properly applied to the last night of October.

'The Sick Bed of Cuchulainn,' by O'Curry. *Atlantis* i., p., 370.

Chief after chief had fallen in the attempt ;
 And now the men of Erin through the night
 Asked in dismay, 'Oh ! who shall be the next
 To face the northern hound,¹ and free the Ford ?'
 'Let it now be,' with one accord they cried,
 'Ferdiah, son of Daman, Dáré's son,
 Of Domnaun² lord, and all its warrior men.'
 The chiefs thus fated now to meet as foes
 In early life were friends—had both been taught
 All feats of arms by the same skilful hands
 In Scatha's³ school beneath the peaks of Skye,
 Which still preserve Cuchullin's glorious name.
 One feat of arms alone Cuchullin knew
 Ferdiah knew not of—the fatal cast—
 The dread expanding force of the Gae-Bulg⁴
 Flung from the feet resistless on the foe.
 But, on the other hand, Ferdiah wore
 A skin-protecting suit of flashing steel⁵

¹ 'Hound.' 'Culaun was the name of Conor Mac Nessa's smith, and it was from him that Selanta derived the name of Cu-Chulainn, or Culaun's Hound.'

O'Curry. *Atlantis* i., p., 392.

² 'Domnaud.' 'Jorrus Domnaun, now Erris, in the County of Mayo. It was called *Jorrus Domnaun*, or the Bay of *Domnauns*, from that party of the Firbolgs who were called *Domnauns* or the "deep diggers," having settled there under their chiefs *Genaun* and *Rudhraighe*.'

The Fate of the Children of Lir, by O'Curry ; *Atlantis* iv., p. 123. See also Dr. Reeve's *Adamnau's Life of St. Columba*, note 6, p. 31 ; O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, p. 280 ; and Hardiman's *West-Connaught*, by O'Flaherty, in the publications of the *Irish Archaeological Society*.

³ 'Scatha.' 'The name of Scatha, the Amazonian instructress of Ferdiah and Cuchullin is still preserved in *Dun Sciath*, in the island of Skye, where "great Cuchullin's name and glory" yet linger. The Coolin Mountains, named after him, "those thunder-smitten jagged Cuchullin peaks of Skye," the grandest mountain range in Great Britain ; attract to that remote island of the Hebrides worshippers of the sublime and beautiful in nature, whose enjoyments would be largely enhanced if they knew the heroic legends which are connected with the glorious scenes they have travelled so far to witness. Cuchullin is one of the foremost characters in Macpherson's *Ossian*, but the quasi-translator of Gaelic poems places him more than two centuries later than the period at which he really lived.'

Mrs. Ferguson's *The Irish before the Conquest*, pp. 57, 58.

⁴ The 'Gae-Bulg.' For a description of this mysterious instrument see Dr. Todd's *Additional Notes to the Irish Version of Neunius*, p. 12.

⁵ 'A skin-protecting suit of flashing steel.' In the historical tale of the *Battle of Magh-Rath*, edited by Dr. O'Donovan, for the Irish Archaeological Society, the mention of shining coats of mail occurs more than once. The learned writer, both in his introductory remarks as well as in the notes to the text, seems to support the opinion

Surpassing all in Erin known till then.
 At length the council closed, and to the chief
 Heralds were sent to tell him that the choice
 That night had fallen on him; but he within
 His tent retired, received them not, nor went.
 For well he knew the purport of their suit
 Was this—that he should fight beside the Ford
 His former fellow-pupil and his friend.
 Then Maer, the queen,¹ her powerful Druids sent,
 Armed not alone with satire's scorpion stings,
 But with the magic power even on the face
 By their malevolent taunts and biting sneers,
 To raise three blistering blots² that typified
 Disgrace, dishonour, and a coward's shame,
 Which with their mortal venom him would kill,
 Or on the hour, or ere nine days had sped,
 If he declined the combat, and refused
 Upon the instant to come forth with them,
 And so, for honour's sake, Ferdiah came.

that 'the ancient Irish had no general use of mail armour before the twelfth century,' and that therefore it is an anachronism to introduce it into the account of a battle that took place in the year 637. But this which is probably true as to the great body of the combatants may be inaccurate when referring to the chiefs and leaders who could afford the expense of costly armour. Dr. O'Donovan makes no allusion to the mention of coats of mail in the present poem, or in any other part of what he himself calls 'the very ancient Irish tale called *Tain Bó Cuailgne*.'

See *Battle of Magh-Rath*, p. 209.

¹ 'Maer the Queen.' For an interesting account of this sovereign, so famous in Irish story, see O'Curry's *Lectures*, pp. 33, 34. Her father, according to the chronology of the Four Masters, is supposed to have reigned as monarch of Erin about a century before the Incarnation. 'Of all the children of the monarch Eochaidh Fiedloch,' says O'Donovan, 'by far the most celebrated was Meadhbh or Mab, who is still remembered as the queen of the fairies of the Irish, and the Queen Mab of Spenser's "Fairy Queen," in which this powerful virago queen and quean of Connaught, is diminished to a ludicrous size in her fairy state.'

Quotation in O'Mahony's translation of *Keating's History of Ireland*, p. 276.

² 'Three blistering blots.' 'The last of these superstitions to which we shall refer,' says Mr. Stokes in his Preface to Cormac's Glossary (*Three Irish Glossaries*, London, 1862), 'is the belief that a ferb, or ulcer, could be produced on a man's countenance by a satire. This superstition proves the groundwork of the tale of Nede mac Adnac and his uncle Caier, which is referred to at p. 24, *Lut. v. Gaire*, and is more fully told as follows in *Codex B. Col. 47*, (Lib. T.C.D., H., 2, 16.) The following is the account of the effect of the satire, as taken from the so-called *Leabhar Buidhe Lecain*, a vellum manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. It had been arranged between the wife of Caier, King of Connaught, and her reluctant lover Nede, that he was to ask of Caier a gift which they knew he could not part with. Nede asked the

For he preferred to die a warrior's death,
 Pierced to the heart by a proud foeman's spear,
 Than by the serpent sting of slanderous tongues—
 By satire, and abuse, and foul reproach.
 When to the court he came, where the great queen
 Held revel, he received all due respect :
 The sweet intoxicating cup went round,
 And soon Ferdiah felt the power of wine.
 Great were the rich rewards then promised him
 For going forth to battle with the Hound :
 A chariot worth seven cumals four times told,¹
 The outfit then of twelve well-chosen men
 Made of more colours than the rainbow knows,
 His own broad plains of level fair Magh Aie²
 To him and his assured till time was o'er
 Free of all tribute, without fee or fine,
 The golden brooch, too, from the queen's own cloak,
 And, above all, fair Finavair³ for wife.
 But doubtful was Ferdiah of the queen,
 And half excited by the fiery cup,

dagger of Caier, "Woe is me," said Caier, "I am forbidden to part with it." Nede made a *glam dicend* (a kind of extempore lampoon) upon him, and three blisters came forth on his cheek.' . . . 'Caier arose next morning early, and went to the well. He put his hand over his countenance; he found on his face three blisters which the satire had caused, namely stain, blemish, and defect; to wit, red and green and white. Caier fled from thence that none might see the disgrace until he was in Dun Cermnai with Cacher, son of Eitriscele.'

Three Irish Glossaries, preface pp. 37, 38.

The names of the three blisters in this story of Nede Mac Adnac, are almost identical with those with which Ferdiah was threatened in the present poem—a curious coincidence which Mr. Stokes has not noticed.

¹ 'A chariot with seven cumals four times told.' 'Great cavalcades or chariot progresses are described in several of our ancient tales. Thus King Conor Mac Nessa goes to dine with the chief armourer of his court, and with the *élite* of his household in fifty chariots. And again we find that when Queen Méave pressed Ferdiah to fight Cuchulainn on her part (in the *Tain bó Cuailgné*), one portion of the great reward which was offered to him was a chariot worth "four times seven cumals,"—that is, worth eighty-four cows.'

The Sick Bed of Cuchulainn, by O'Curry. *Atlantis* i., p. 375.

² 'Magh Aie.' The Plains of Roscommon. O'Curry's *Lectures*, p. 35. 'Magh Aie.' says O'Curry, in another place, 'so named from Aie, the son of Allghuha the Druid. The palace of Cruachain was situated in this plain.'

The Battle of Magh Leana, p. 61.

³ 'Finnavair:—'Tinnabhair—Fair-Brow.'

The Exile of the Children of Nisnich, by O'Curry. *Atlantis*, i., p. 386.

And half distrustful, knowing wily Maer,
 He asked for more assurance of her faith.
 Then she to him, in rhythmic rise of song,
 And he in measured rauns to her replied.¹

MAER.

A rich reward of golden rings I'll give to thee, Ferdiah fair,
 The forest, where the wild bird sings, the broad green plain, with me
 thou'lt share ;

Thy children and thy children's seed, for ever, until time is o'er,
 Shall be from every service freed within the sea-surrounding shore.
 O, Daman's son, Ferdiah fair, O champion of the wounds renowned,
 For thou a charmed life dost bear, for ever by the victories crowned,
 Oh ! why the profered gifts decline ; oh ! why reject the nobler fame,
 Which many an arm less brave than thine, which many a heart less
 cold, would claim ?

FERDIAH.

Without a guarantee, O Queen ! without assurance made most sure,
 Thy grassy plains, thy woodlands green, thy golden rings, are but a lure.
 The champion's place is not for me until thou art most firmly bound,—
 For dreadful will the battle be between me and Emania's Hound.
 For such is Chuland's name, O Queen, and such is Chuland's nature, too,
 The noble Hound, the Hound of fame, the noble heart to dare and do,
 The fearful fangs that never yield, the agile spring so swift and light :
 Ah ! dread the fortune of the field ! ah ! fierce will be the impending
 fight !

MAER.

I'll give a champion's guarantee, and with thee here a compact make,
 That in the assemblies thou shalt be no longer bound thy place to take ;
 Rich silver-bitted bridles fair—for such each noble neck demands—
 And gallant steeds that paw the air, shall all be given into thy hands.
 For thou, Ferdiah, art indeed a truly brave and valorous man,
 The first of all the chiefs I lead, the foremost hero in the van ;
 My chosen champion now thou art, my dearest friend henceforth thou'lt be,
 The very closest to my heart, from every toll and tribute free.

¹ Here, as elsewhere in the original of this poem, there is a sudden change from prose to verse. It may be convenient to mention, once for all, that the prose portions of this tale are represented in the present poem by blank verse, and the lyrical portions by rhymed verse. 'This,' says O'Donovan, 'is the usual arrangement of ancient Irish tales ; a certain portion of the story is first told in prose, and the most remarkable incidents in the same are afterwards repeated in metre, often in the nature of a dialogue between two of the principal characters. It is generally supposed that these stories were recited by the ancient Irish poets for the amusement of their chieftains at their public feasts, and that the portions given in metre were sung.'

FERDIAH.

Without securities, I say, united with thy royal word,
 I will not go, when breaks the day, to seek the combat at the Ford.
 That contest, while time runs its course, and fame records what ne'er
 should die,
 Shall live for ever in full fame, until the judgment day draws nigh.
 I will not go, though death ensue, though thou through some demoniac
 rite,
 Even as thy Druid sorcerers do, canst kill me with thy words of might;
 I will not go the Ford to free, until, O Queen! thou here dost swear
 By sun and moon,¹ by land and sea, by all the powers of earth and air.

MAER.

Thou shalt have all; do *thou* decide. I'll give thee an unbounded claim,
 Until thy doubts are satisfied. Oh! bind us by each sacred name,
 Bind us upon the hands of kings, upon the hands of princes bind;
 Bind us by every act that brings assurance to the doubting mind.
 Ask what thou wilt, and do not fear that what thou would'st cannot be
 brought;
 Ask what thou wilt, there standeth here one who will ne'er refuse thee
 aught;
 Ask what thou wilt, thy wildest wish be certain thou shalt have this
 night,
 For well I know that thou wilt kill this man who meets thee in the
 fight.

FERDIAH.

I will have six securities, no less will I accept from thee;
 Be some our country's deities, the lords of earth, and sky, and sea;
 Be some thy dearest ones, O Queen! the darlings of thy heart and eye,
 Before my fatal fall is seen to-morrow, when the hosts draw nigh.
 Do this, and though I lose my fame—do this, and though my life I lose,
 The glorious² championship I'll claim, the glorious risk will not refuse.
 On, on, in equal strength and might shall I advance, O queenly Maer,
 And Uladh's hero meet in fight, and battle with Cuchullin brave.

¹ 'By sun and moon.' 'Now this Ugaine Mor exacted oaths by the sun and moon, the dew and colours, and by all the elements visible and invisible, and by every element which is on earth, that the sovereignty of Erin should be invested in him for ever.'

Battle of Magh Rath, p. 3.

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¹ 'Domna
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MAER.

Though Domnal¹ it should be, the sun, swift-speeding in his fiery car ;
 Though Niaman's² dread name be one, the consort of the God of War ;
 These, even these I'll give, though hard to lure them from their realms
 serene,

For though they list to lowliest bard,³ they may be deaf unto a queen.
 Bind it on Morand, if thou wilt, to make assurance doubly sure ;
 Bind it, nor dream that dream of guilt that such a pact will not endure,
 By spirits of the wan and weird, by every spell, by every art,
 Bind Carpri Min, of Manaud, bind my sons, the darlings of my heart.

FERDIAH.

O Maer ! with venom of deceit that adder tongue of thine o'erflows,
 Nor is thy temper over-sweet, as well thine earlier consort knows.
 Thou'rt truly worthy of thy fame for boastful speech and lust of power,
 And well dost thou deserve thy name—the Brachail of Rathcroghan's
 tower.⁴

Thy words are fair and soft, O Queen ! but still I crave one further
 proof—

Give me the scarf of silken sheen, give me the speckled satin woof,
 Give from thy cloak's empurpled fold the golden brooch so fair to see,
 And when the glorious gift I hold, for ever am I bound to thee.

MAER.

Oh ! art thou not my chosen chief, my fervent champion, sure to win,
 My tower, my fortress of relief, to whom I give this twisted pin ?
 These, and a thousand gifts more rare, the treasures of the earth and sea,
 Jewels a queen herself might wear, my grateful hands will give to thee.

¹ 'Domnal.' The high dignity of Domnal may be inferred from the following comparison in a quatrain quoted in the preface to *Cormac's Glossary* from Colman Mac Lenini ;—

'As blackbirds to swans, as an ounce to a mass (of gold),
 As the forms of peasant women to the forms of queens
 As a king to Domnall
 As a taper to a candle, (so is) a sword to my sword.'

Three Irish Glossaries, Preface, p. 51.

² 'Niaman.' O'Donovan, in a note to the *Four Masters*, vol. i., p. 24, gives an interesting list of the divinities of the Pagan Irish, among others, 'Ned, the god of war,' and 'Nemon, his wife.' 'Nemon' is, I presume, the same as 'Niaman.'

³ 'For though they list to lowliest bard.' 'As *Anu* was mother of the gods, so *Buanann* was mother of the *fianu*. So Etán is said to have been *muime na filed*—'nurse of the poets.'—*Three Irish Glossaries*, Preface p. 33.

⁴ 'Rathcroghan's tower.' 'Rath-Cruachan, the royal palace of the Kings of Connaught.'
 O'Curry's *Lectures*, p. 35.

And when at length beneath thy sword the Hound of Ulster shall lie low,
When thou hast ope'd the long-locked Ford, and let the unguarded
water flow,

Then shall I give my daughter's hand, then mine own child shall be thy
bride—

She, the fair daughter of the land where western Elgga's waters glide.¹

And thus did Maer Ferdiah bind to fight
Six chosen champions on the morrow morn,
Or combat with Cuchullin all alone,
Whichever might to him the easier seem.
And he, by the god's names and by her sons,
Bound *her* the promise she had made to keep,
The rich reward to pay to him in full,
If by his hand Cuchullin should be slain.

* * * *

The dwellers in Ferdiah's tent that night
Were scant of comfort, a foreboding fear
Fell on their spirits and their hearts weighed down ;
Because they knew in whatsoever fight
The mighty chiefs, the hundred slaying two
Met face to face, that one of them must fall,
Or both perhaps, or if but only one,
Certain were they it would their own lord be,
Since on the *Tain Bó Cuailgné*, it was plain
That no one with Cuchullin could contend.

Nor was their chief less troubled ; but at first
The fumes of the late revel overspread
His senses, and he slept a heavy sleep.
Later he woke, the intoxicating steam
Had left his brain, and now in sober calm
All the anxieties of the impending fight
Pressed on his soul and made him grave.² He rose
From off his couch, and bade his charioteer
Harness his pawing horses to the car.
The boy would fain persuade his lord to stay,
Because he loved his master, and he felt

¹ 'Elgga, that is Ireland.'—O'Curry's *Battle of Magh Leana*, p. 79.

² 'All the anxieties of the impending fight,' &c. A similar foreboding is recorded in the *Battle of Magh Rath*. 'The monarch, grandson of Ainmire, slept not, in consequence of the weight of the battle and the anxiety of the conflict pressing on his mind; for he was certain that his own beloved foster-son would, on the morrow, meet his last fate.'—p. 113.

He went but to his death ; but he repelled
 The youth's advice, and spoke to him these words—
 ' Oh ! cease, my servant. I will not be turned
 By any youth from what I have resolved.'
 And thus in speech and answer spoke the two.

FERDIAH.

Let us go to this challenge,
 Let us fly to the Ford,
 When the raven shall croak
 O'er my blood-dripping sword.
 O woe for Cuchullin !
 That land will be red ;
 O woe ! for to-morrow
 The hero lies dead.

CHARIOTEER.

Thy words are not gentle,
 Yet rest where thou art,
 'Twill be dreadful to meet,
 And distressful to part.
 The champion of Ulster !
 Oh ! think what a foe !
 In that meeting there's grief,
 In that journey there's woe !

FERDIAH.

Thy counsel is craven,
 Thy caution I slight,
 No brave-hearted champion
 Should shrink from the fight.
 The blood I inherit
 Doth prompt me to go—
 Let us go to the challenge,
 To the Ford let us do !

Then were the horses of Ferdiah yoked
 Unto the chariot, and he rode full speed
 Unto the Ford of battle, and the day
 Began to break, and all the east grew red.
 Beside the Ford he halted. ' Good, my friend,'
 He said unto his servant, ' Spread for me
 ' The skins and cushions of my chariot here
 Beneath me, that I may a full deep sleep

Enjoy before the hour of fight arrives,
For in the latter portion of the night
I slept not, thinking of the fight to come.'

Unharnessed were the horses, and the boy
Spread out the cushions and the chariot's skins,
And heavy sleep fell on Ferdiah's lids.
Now of Cuchullin will I speak : he rose
Not until day with all its light had come,
In order that the men of Erin ne'er
Should say of him, that it was fear or dread
That made him from a restless couch arise.
When in the fulness of its light at length
Shone forth the day, he bade his charioteer
Harness his horses and his chariot yoke.
'Harness my horses, good, my servant,' said
Cuchullin, 'and my chariot yoke for me,
For lo! an early-rising champion comes
To meet us here beside the Ford to-day—
Ferdiah, son of Damon, Daré's son.'
'My lord, the steeds are ready to thy hand.
Thy chariot stands here yoked, do thou step in,
The noble car will not disgrace its lord.'

Into the chariot then, the dextrous-bold,
Red-sworded, battle-winning hero sprang
Cuchullin, son of Sualtam, at a bound
Invisible Bocanachs and Bananachs,
And Geniti Glindi¹ shouted round the car,
And demons of the earth and of the air.
For thus the Tuatha di Dananus used
By sorceries to raise those fearful cries
Around him, that the terror and the fear
Of him should be the greater, as he swept
On with his staff of spirits to the war.

Soon was it when Ferdiah's charioteer
Heard the approaching clamour and the shout,
The rattle and the clatter, and the shout,
The whistle, and the thunder and the tramp,
The clanking discord of the massive shields,
The clang of swords, the hissing sound of spears,
The tinkling of the helmet, the sharp crash

¹ 'Geniti Glindi.' There is mention of these mysterious beings in the *Battle of Mugh Leana*. They are called 'Women of the Valley.'—p. 120.

Of armour and of arms, the straining ropes,
The dangling bucklers, the resounding wheels,
The creaking chariot, and the proud approach
Of the triumphant champion of the Ford.

Clutching his master's robe, the charioteer
Cried out, 'Ferdiah, rise ! for lo, thy foes
Are on thee !' Then the Spirit of Insight fell
Phophetic on the youth, and he thus sang.

CHARIOTEER.

I hear the rushing of a car,
Near and more near its proud wheels run,
A chariot for the God of War
Bursts—as from clouds the sun !
Over Bregg-Ross it speeds along,
Hark ! it's thunders peal afar !
Oh ! its steeds are swift and strong,
And the Victories guide that car.

The Hound of Ulster shaketh the reins,
And white with foam is each corsair's mouth,
The Hawk of Ulster swoops o'er the plains
To his quarry here in the South,
Like wintry storm that warrior's form,
Slaughter and Death beside him rush,
The groaning air is dark and warm,
And the low clouds bleed and blush.¹

Oh, woe to him that is here on the hill,
Who is here on the hillock awaiting the Hound ;
Last year it was in a vision of ill
I saw this sight and I heard this sound.
Methought Emania's Hound drew nigh,
Methough the Hound of Battle drew near,
I heard his steps and I saw his eye,
And again I see and I hear.

Then answer made Ferdiah in this wise,
'Why dost thou chafe me, talking of this man ?
For thou hast never ceased to sing his praise
Since from his home he came. Thou surely art

¹ 'And the low clouds bleed and blush.'

For this line, and for many valuable suggestions throughout the poem, I am indebted to the deep practical insight and correct judgment of my friend Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

Not without wage for this: but nathless know
 Ailill and Maer have both foretold by me
 This man shall fall, shall fall for a reward
 Just as the deed: This day he shall be slain,
 For it is fated that I free the Ford.'

Not long Ferdiah's charioteer had gazed
 With wondering look on the majestic car,
 When, as with thunder-speed it wheeled more near,
 He saw its whole construction and its plane:
 A fair, flesh-seeking, four-peaked front it had,
 And for its body a magnificent creit
 Fashioned for war, in which the hero stood
 Full-armed and brandishing a mighty spear,
 While o'er his head a green pavilion hung;
 Beneath, two fleetly-bounding, large-eared, fierce,
 Whale-bellied, lively-hearted, high-flanked, proud,
 Slender-legged, wide-hoofed, broad-buttocked, prancing steeds,
 Exulting leaped and bore the car along;
 Under one yoke, the long-maned steed was grey,
 Under the other, black the broad-backed steed.

Like to a hawk swooping from off a cliff,
 Upon a day of hard and biting wind,
 • Or like a spring gust on a wild March day
 Rushing resistless o'er a level plain,
 Or like the fleetness of a stag when first
 'Tis started by the hounds in its first field—
 So swept the horses of Cuchullin's car,
 Bounding as if o'er fiery flags they flew,
 Making the earth to shake beneath their tread,
 And tremble 'neath the fleetness of their speed.

At length, upon the north side of the Ford,
 Cuchullin stopped. Upon the southern bank
 Ferdiah stood, and thus addressed the chief:
 'Glad am I, O Cuchullin, thou hast come.'
 'Up to this day,' Cuchullin made reply,
 'Thy welcome would by me have been received
 As coming from a friend, but not to-day.
 Besides, 'twere fitter that I welcomed thee,
 Than that to me thou should'st the welcome give;
 'Tis I that should go forth to fight with thee,
 Not thou to me, because before thee are

My women and my children, and my youths,
My herds and flocks, my horses and my steeds.'

Ferdiah, half in scorn, spake then these words—
And then Cuchullin answered in his turn.

'Good, O Cuchullin, what untoward fate
Has brought thee here to measure swords with me?
For when we two with Scatha lived, in Skye,
With Uatha and with Aifé, thou but wert
My page to spread my couch for me at night,
Or tie my spears together for the chase.'

'True hast thou spoken,' said Cuchullin, 'yes,
I then was young, thy junior, and I did
For thee the services thou dost recall;
A different story shall be told of us
From this day forth, for on this day I feel
Earth holds no champion that I dare not fight!'

'Good, O Ferdiah,' still continuing, spoke
Cuchullin, 'thus it is that thou should'st not
Have come with me to combat and to fight;
For when we were with Scatha, long ago,
With Uatha and with Aifé, we were wont
To go together to each battle-field,
To every combat and to every fight,
Through every forest, every wilderness,
Through every darksome path and dangerous way.'

'O Cuchullin of the beautiful feats,'
Replied Ferdiah, 'though we have pursued
Together thus the arts of war and peace,
And though the bonds of friendship that we swore
Thou hast recalled to mind, from me shall come
Thy first of wounds. O Hound, remember not
Our old companionship, which shall not new
Avail thee, shall avail thee not, O Hound!'

'Too long here have we waited in this way;
Again resumed Ferdiah, 'To what arms,
Say then, Cuchullin, shall we now resort?'

'The choice of arms is thine until the night,'
Cuchullin made reply, 'for so it chanced
That thou should'st be the first to reach the Ford.'

'Dost thou at all remember,' then rejoined
Ferdiah, 'those swift missive spears with which
We practised oft with Scatha in our youth,
With Uatha and with Aifé, and our friends?'

'Them I, indeed, remember well,' replied
 Cuchullin. 'If thou dost remember well,
 Let us to them resort,' Ferdiah said.
 Their missive weapons then on either side
 They both resorted to. Upon their arms
 They braced two emblematic missive shields,
 And their eight well-turned-handled spears they took,
 And their eight little quill-spears, and their eight
 White ivory-hilted swords, and their eight spears,
 Sharp, ivory-hafted, with hard points of steel.
 Betwixt the twain the darts went to and fro,
 Like bees upon the wing on a fine day ;
 No cast was made that was not sure to hit.
 From morn to mid-day the missiles flew,
 Till on the bosses of the brazen shields
 Their points were blunted, but though true the aim,
 And excellent the shooting, the defence
 Was so complete that not a wound was given,
 And neither champion drew the other's blood.
 'Tis time to drop these feats,' Ferdiah said,
 'For not by such as these shall we decide
 Our battle here this day.' 'Let us desist,'
 Cuchullin answered, 'if the time hath come.'—
 They ceased, and threw their missile shafts aside
 Into the hands of their two charioteers.
 'What weapons, O Cuchullin, shall we now
 Resort to?' said Ferdiah. 'Unto thee,'
 Cuchullin answered, 'doth belong the choice
 Of arms until the night, because thou wert
 The first that reached the Ford.' 'Well, let us, then,'
 Ferdiah said, 'resume our straight, smooth, hard,
 Well-polished spears with their hard flaxen strings.'
 'Let us resume them, then,' Cuchullin said.
 They braced upon their arms two stouter shields,
 And then resorted to their straight, smooth, hard,
 Well-polished spears, with their hard flaxen strings.¹
 'Twas now mid-day, and thus 'till eventide
 They shot against each other with the spears.
 But though the guard was good on either side.
 The shooting was so perfect that the blood

¹ 'Well-polished spears with their hard-flaxen strings.' 'And *Derg Dian-Scothach*
 saw this order, and he put his forefinger into the string of the spear.'—*The Fate of the*
Children of Tuircann, by O'Curry. *Atlantis*, iv., p. 233. See also *Battle of Magh*
Rath, pp. 140, 141, 152.

Ran from the wounds of each, by each made red.
 'Let us now, O Cuchullin,' interposed
 Ferdiah, 'for the present time desist.'
 'Let us indeed desist,' Cuchullin said,
 'If, oh Ferdiah, the fit time hath come.'
 They ceased, and threw away from them their arms
 Into the hands of the two charioteers.
 Each to the other gently then approached,
 Each round the other's neck his hands entwined,
 And gave him three fond kisses on the cheek.
 Their horses fed in the same field that night,
 Their charioteers were warmed at the same fire,
 Their charioteers beneath their bodies spread
 Green rushes, and beneath their heads the down
 Of wounded men's soft pillows. Then the skilled
 Professors of the art of healing came
 With herbs, which to the scars of all their wounds
 They put. Of every herb and healing plant
 That to Cuchullin's wound they did apply,
 He would an equal portion westward send
 Over the Ford, Ferdiah's wounds to heal.
 So that the men of Erin could not say,
 If it should chance Ferdiah fell by him,
 That it was through superior skill and care
 Cuchullin was enabled him to slay.

Of each kind, too, of palatable food
 And sweet, intoxicating pleasant drink,
 The men of Erin to Ferdiah sent.
 He a fair moiety across the Ford
 Sent northward to Cuchullin, where he lay;
 Because his own purveyors far surpassed
 In numbers those the Ulster chief retained:
 For all the federate hosts of Erin were
 Purveyors to Ferdiah, with the hope
 That he would beat Cuchullin from the Ford.
 The Bregians¹ only were Cuchullin's friends.
 His sole purveyors, and their wont it was
 To come to him and talk to him at night.

¹ 'The Bregians.' 'The Bregian hosts of the Boyne' are mentioned in the *Battle of Magh Rath*. In a note to the passage, Dr. O'Donovan says: "The River Boyne flows through the plain of Bregia, which was the ancient name of a very extensive tract of Meath, containing five cantreds or baronies.—*Battle of Magh Rath*, p. 194.

[To be continued.]

HUMANE SOCIETIES OF CHINA.

BY LAMBTON YOUNG,

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It has been the custom for some centuries past for Europeans to speak of the Chinese as a nation of ruthless, indeed almost barbarous, people, most careless of human life on all occasions, though very ingenious in constructing machines and articles for household use suitable for their every-day wants. Lord Macartney in his 'Embassy' did much to controvert this idea, and of late years greater intercourse has modified the bad opinion entertained of this curious nation, the inventors of gunpowder, the mariner's compass, and the winnowing machine, almost identical with that used by our farmers at the present day—to these now can be added the credit of establishing the first recorded *Humane Society* with a regular organised system for the *saving of human life*. In the following pages it will be seen that *from the times of antiquity* the duty of providing for the salvage of human life at Hankow devolved on the territorial authorities: at Chinkiang and Nankin societies have been established for *more* than two hundred years. Let us in civilised Europe think for one moment that with our boasted interest in all that can conduce to alleviate pain or distress in our fellow-men we did not establish any regular system for rewarding the saving of life or publishing means for instant treatment of suspended animation until the establishment of the Royal Humane Society in 1774 by Dr. Hawes and Dr. Cogan, who soon rallied round them to aid in the good work thirty other gentlemen, amongst whom were Oliver Goldsmith, Dr. J. C. Lettsom, F.R.S., Rev. Dr. Towers, &c.

Having heard that there were societies in China similar in all respects to those of Europe, I wrote to the late Lord Clarendon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, requesting him to allow the consuls in China to make enquiries at the various ports of that country respecting the existence of these institutions, and to send home any facts that they might obtain. The following accounts are the result of their labours, and it will be

observed how curiously near to our system of procedure in providing for the safety or restoration of life that of the Chinese is.

Reports have come from the undernamed towns:—Kewkeang, Hankow, Shanghai, Pang-keam-tow, Chan-keang, Nankin, Silver Island, Golden Island, and north bank of Yang-tze.

There are no societies now at Newchwang, Formosa (south portion), Chefoo, Tientsin, Amoy, Swatow, or Tamsuy.

Consul Robertson, in his despatch, September 1869, sends extracts from 'Notes and Queries' on China and Japan (No. 12, vol. ii., 1868), obtained by personal observation and native sources.

Humane institutions are still kept upon the Yang-tze, and render considerable service. At this port there are three societies, one at Silver Island, one near Golden Island, and a third on the north bank; the two former are under the management of a paid officer selected by the society, but appointed by the Prefect of Chinkiang, the latter similarly by the Prefect of Yangchow. These societies are said to possess twenty-two boats, large and small, chiefly hired, some of which are distinguished by being painted red, all having their occupation and station painted on their quarter and flags. It is their duty to assist any boat in distress, and for saving a man's life they are rewarded with 2000 cash, for picking up a corpse 500 cash, 250 of which is paid to the boat, the balance being used to defray burial expenses when the body is unclaimed.

The crews of the Chinkiang (Golden Island) boat get no wages, but are allowed to use the boats in ferrying passengers and goods across the river; in this way they make a good deal of money, as their boats are safer and can cross the river when others would not venture out. The large boats of the Silver Island institution get an allowance of 1320 cash a day, the smaller ones but 450, neither being permitted to trade. These societies, like many at home, are generally supported by charity, but the wood tax office collects, in addition to its tariff dues, one per cent. for these societies. An account of receipts and disbursements is rendered monthly to the prefect by the superintendent, and when subscriptions fail to support the institution on the north bank, the salt commissioner assists it with funds from his office. As the societies merely charter the boats, the rules prescribed for their overhaul, &c., are not enforced, the owner of the craft having to keep his boat seaworthy. Judging from the number of boats to be seen here hailing from distant towns and carrying goods, it would appear that they trade considerably. Bodies picked up are kept in the society's house to be identified: if no one claims the corpse it is buried, and a note is recorded of the circumstances under which it was found. A small tombstone bearing the name of the society and registered number of the corpse is placed over the

grave at the expense of the Chinshenghin. The graves are repaired annually, and those in this vicinity appear to be well cared for.

Consul Lay reports, September 29, 1869, from Kewkeang, that he finds, after enquiring from the Chinese, that a Humane Society existed there prior to the year 1853, and was supported entirely by native merchants. Its object was to assist all vessels (punts, &c.) in distress, and save life and cargo and effects. This society had a large fleet of vessels, and many lives and much property were annually saved.

The Humane Society's boats anchored at various places in the Kewkeang reach, commanding Kewkeang and the whole water in the reach, as well on the Kewkeang as on the northern shore of the river. They were paid for and belonged entirely to the native merchants, and no pecuniary assistance was asked from the Government. On the devastation of the country, however, by the rebels, and on the taking of Kewkeang in the early part of 1853, these boats disappeared; they were probably taken possession of by the rebels, or abandoned by the proprietors, many of whom were ruined, and they have never again been resuscitated. The Chinese authorities took the matter into their own hands a few years ago, and employed one boat, which was increased to two last March. Their duties are identical with those the merchants possessed up to 1853, and they have the entire charge of the river mentioned above. The expenses of keeping these vessels are borne by the district magistrate out of the imperial funds.

Owing to the unfriendliness and 'suspicion' of the Chinese, Mr. Lay was unable to obtain more than the most meagre information as to the boats themselves, their capabilities of standing severe weather, or the apparatus used for saving drowning men. The following is all that can be learned. Each boat carries five men, a head man and four sailors; their wages are about 6500 cash and 4500 cash a month, equal to 17. 12s. and 17. 1s. Perquisites are given to the men; thus, for saving a life a sailor gets not less than 1000 cash, sometimes more, at the discretion of the magistrate, and (he is not quite sure) in this case not according to the wealth or position of the individual saved, but according to the amount of *risk undergone*. For every body recovered a payment of 1000 cash is made to the sailor bringing it in.

In the event of a gale, it is the duty of these boats to go into the centre of the stream, where they lie, unless used, till the gale abates, when they return to the shore. A man, not connected with the crew, then takes charge of the boat, the crew disappear, and nothing more is seen of them until the weather threatens again, or a capsizing takes place. He had difficulty in getting at the actual instructions given to the head man of the boat as to the weather and circumstances in which he should act; as far as he could learn, his presence in heavy weather is left to

himself. He was told, 'If the weather is very bad the boat will not go out;' and to his reply, 'It is wrong to leave the matter to the option of the captain,' he received, 'Oh, but the boat always goes out;' and so on.

Mr. Lay has himself seen the boats out in rough weather, but not in the very heavy blows which occur here in the winter months, and which in this long reach raise a heavy sea, sometimes obliging foreign steamers to find a safe anchorage and smoother water on the opposite side of the river.

The Humane Societies' are like most Chinese boats; outside, just forward of the house, he was told, they use a slanting grating, on which the bodies of those immersed are placed for a time to assist in restoring animation. Beds and clothes are provided in the cabin; in the winter large fires are made; in fact, everything seems to be done for the comfort of the suffering. The apparatus used are long bamboos with large hooks at the end to catch the clothes of the drowning, and life-belts similar to ours, which are thrown overboard to all those capable of making use of them. The crew are supposed to swim, and in cases jump overboard to save life. The boats have orders not to save cargoes or effects, but only life.

The report from Hankow, October 5, 1869, by Consul Caine says: '*From the times of antiquity* the duty of providing Humane Society's boats for this district, within which lies the junction of the Yang-tze and Han rivers, has devolved upon the territorial authorities. Owing, however, to the futility of this as well as of almost every other attempt of the Imperial Government of late years to carry out any benevolent undertakings, in consequence of the impudent fraud and greed of the underpaid employés of the local authorities, whose sole idea in connection with these boats was to make use of them as instruments of extortion from the public and embezzlement of public money, at the same time utterly neglecting the important duty of saving human life, a number of influential gentry and merchants established a Humane Society, supported by voluntary contributions, in the year 1823. Inside the society's hall a stone monument records that the association was formed to save life, in consequence of the uselessness of the Government boats; also that a charter had been obtained from the authorities rendering them free from official control. It also is recorded that during the first seventeen years of its existence it saved 4132 lives and recovered and buried 6955 bodies from the river.

The boats used by the society are about thirty-five feet long by seven feet broad. They are flat bottomed, with square bows, very strongly built, and low sides, or comparatively little of the vessel above water. The mast is very short and thick. They resemble in shape the ordinary

Chinese boat, so frequently described, but are much broader in proportion to their length, and have a smaller house or cabin on deck than is usual with that class of vessel. They labour under the same disadvantage as all other native craft, in being unable to beat against a head wind from being flat bottomed. In former years they were well supplied with water-tight life-belts, made of bamboo, and covered with oil-paper and varnish. The boats seldom carry them now, the boatmen saying that every one can swim.

On the Yang-tze, each boat is manned by a coxswain and four men; on the Han by a coxswain and three men. When the stream runs exceptionally fast, ropes are laid down in the river near the banks, attached to buoys, by which boatmen may haul their boats past projecting rocks, and drowning persons may have wherewith to cling. During the winter, ginger broth, or a decoction made of ginger, is carried in each boat, to be given to persons rescued during the cold weather, as it is stated that more lives are lost during the year from cold and the exhaustion resulting from protracted immersion, than from simple drowning. To encourage the crews of these boats, 1500 cash, or about 6s. sterling, are given for every life saved under ordinary circumstances.

Formerly, owing to the exaggerated respect entertained for the dead by the Chinese, the rate for the recovery of dead bodies was higher than that for the living, but this was afterwards altered on account of a very general suspicion that the Society's employes *drowned* their subjects before taking them out of the water.

When rescued, the subjects are provided with a change of clothing as soon as they are brought to the society's house, when their names and addresses are entered in a register. Should they be insensible, the burnt ashes of a pod of the 'Tsaon Keö' (named by Dr. Hooker, of Kew, the *Gleditschia sinensis*) are put inside their nostrils, when, as the manager stated, they sneeze and immediately revive. In case of death, the friends are at once communicated with: the bodies of distressed poor and friendless strangers being buried in the society's cemeteries. In each of these the tomb is numbered to tally with the register, thirty-two pounds of quick-lime are placed inside each coffin, and allowance is also made of one pound weight of paper in imitation of copper cash, and of 100 paper-made imitations of silver ingots for their use in the world of spirits; fifteen feet of cloth are given for a shroud, and a gravestone also.

Certain gratuities are made on festival days to the society's men for any assistance they may have rendered to dismasted or otherwise distressed vessels. On the coming of the last day of the Chinese year (the day on which it is an imperative custom for everyone to settle his accounts) every Humane Society's boat must be cruising to protect people with money when crossing the river alone, to prevent their being

robbed and murdered by evil-minded boatmen. Should the suspicions of the society's men be in the least manner aroused, they must at once hail and beat the gong, in order that the other society's vessels may immediately come to their assistance, when in every case they will be rewarded with ten taels, or about 3*l.* sterling. During the above-mentioned evening, tubs full of turpentine are burnt on the river sides to give light to passengers.

Through the kindness of Lieutenant John Hext, R.N., commanding H.M. gunboat 'Firm,' the following professional description of the ordinary cruizer at Chinkiang is furnished, which is merely a reduced copy of the 'red' boat :

Dimensions of Junk.

	feet	in.
Length, extreme	44	0
„ between perpendiculars	28	0
Depth amidships	3	3
Breadth, extreme	10	4
„ at stern	7	0
„ at bow	4	10
„ abaft house	10	0
„ before house	9	6
Height of mainmast from deck to stream	45	0
„ „ to lower part of sail	3	9
„ foremast to stream	27	0
„ „ to lower part of sail	4	6
Length of mainyard	15	4
„ foreyard	7	0
„ the house	10	0
Rudder, depth	9	0
„ breadth	4	0
„ immersed	7	6
Lee boards, length	5	6
„ „ breadth	3	0
„ „ immersed	4	0
Draught of water, forward	0	9
„ „ aft	1	6
Length from bow to foremast	7	0
„ „ foremast to mainmast	10	0

These junks would be of no use in a heavy sea on a coast, though with plenty of sea room they might be safe boats. Their peculiarities are—

Slight draught of water, being perfectly flat bottomed, the rudder being fitted to trice up on going into shallow water. Great facility in turning, owing to the enormous size of the rudder in proportion to the vessel.

Great spread of sail, which is easily shortened or set.

They are carvel built, with very large timbers, but weighing very little. They are almost useless in a calm, as the only means of propul-

sion besides sail is a large scull. In a light breeze, with the wind at all free, very fast. Their crews, four to seven men. Their smartness in getting under weigh to go after a boat capsised is very remarkable everything set in about a minute.

The wood used in construction is a sort of teak—hard, heavy, red wood from the upper waters of the Yang-tze—for the part below the water line, and for the upper parts pine. No regular staff of carpenters is kept; workmen to repair and build boats are engaged from time to time as required, and are superintended by the board.

Should the body of a drowned person remain long under water where the river is deep, and the friends of the deceased wish to recover the corpse, recourse must be had to professional divers. These gentry accept the soubriquet of *Slue-Knei*, or 'Water Devils,' and extraordinary tales of their devilry in the water are current, and seem to be believed.

The directions for restoring suspended animation are simple and easily carried in the memory: 'Strip off the wet clothing and sprinkle the body with a decoction of ginger; then wrap it in a cotton quilt. Do not in despair leave the body merely because it is unconscious; be particularly careful not to warm the body at a fire, else the cold humour will be driven inside.'

The lives saved, &c., at Chinkiang alone are as under:—

	Lives saved	Corpses recovered
During 1867	177	31
„ 1868	176	50
„ 1869 to end of seventh month	121	20

A register of age, sex, clothing, personal appearance, and date of recovery of every corpse brought on shore is kept, and a coffin and grave, marked with the register number, are provided for each unclaimed body, at a cost of 700 cash (2s. 8d.) Note is kept of all enquiries after persons supposed to be drowned.

The following are the regulations by which the crew must guide themselves:—

I. Every person, alive or dead, that was on a capsized boat must be brought ashore. Enquiries, therefore, should be addressed to the survivors, and steps taken accordingly. The saving of life must be preferred to the saving of goods. Not an article must be touched before all the bodies are on board.

Any offender against this rule will be sent to the authorities for severe punishment.

II. If a boat is floating bottom upwards, immediate care must be taken to discover and extricate any persons who may have been under her decks when she went over, and the boat and bodies should be taken straightway to the nearest shore.

III. Leave will not be granted to any of the crew to go on shore except under urgent circumstances, and then not unless each man finds a substitute.

IV. Where a man has been rescued alive from the water, let him take off his wet clothes, and put on dry ones supplied by the office, and give him a bowl of ginger decoction to drink, dry his clothes and return them to him, receiving back the office clothes. The board will grant poor persons such amount of money as will take them home again.

V. The dead must not be searched or stripped. The board will take charge of all letters or parcels found, register them, and expose a list thereof at the office.

VI. As it is of great importance to encourage all to assist in saving life, non-employés will be rewarded at the same rate as employés. Employés shall not, for the sake of the reward, wrangle or quarrel with others who may assert a claim, lest the lives of those in the water be lost. Any case of quarrelling of this sort will be sent to the magistrate to be severely dealt with.

VII. Conspiracy between expert swimmers and the employés to share the reward for saving life, to be earned by the former purposely falling into the water in order to get rescued, will be severely dealt with.

The Nanking Humane Society is not supported by any subscription from a tax board, but relies wholly on subscriptions and the revenue from its property. The property is, as might be expected, in a very poor state after the rebel occupation, and much land belonging to it still lies unidentified from the universal obliteration of landmarks and boundary stones.

The revenue being wholly private and unofficial, the ruling powers exercise no control over the choice of the office bearers, save to give a formal sanction to the choice when made. The officers are chosen by the votes of the subscribers. The fleet consists of three large 'red' boats, crew seven men each, and two smaller ones, crew five men each.

OXFORD CHIT-CHAT.

'ACQUA di Maggio, pane per tutto l'anno' may, no doubt, be very true, but it hardly tends to assist one's pleasure, either at the 'Eights,' or on Cowley marshes.

Conceive, for a moment, the insanity of attempting to get up a little enthusiasm at either the above, when the drippings of your neighbour's umbrella are making struggling efforts to get at the small of your back.

Never, I should imagine, has Oxford had such uninterruptedly unfortunate weather for those who come to see the races. It has been a compound of March winds and April showers, with a dash of thunder to enliven the scene.

I can merely say that Pembroke is at the head of the river, Balliol is second, and B. N. C. is third—a position she obtained more 'by strength than style.

I am not in favour of early rising—I think it a mistake, and this feeling grows upon me when I remember that Milton wrote his grand 'Address to the Sun' over the midnight oil—no doubt a tallow-candle. I was induced, at the solicitation of a very dear friend, to indulge in what I consider nothing less than a fit of midnight ecstasy, or, in other words, to watch the "sun rise" among some Westmoreland hills. The sun was very grand, and very punctual; but I confess, with regard to the early rising, that I have not been the same man since. And yet, in spite of this fearful lesson, I was enthusiastic enough to rise on May morning at something like 4 a.m., and to further rise to the top of Magdalen House, in order to hear the choristers of the ancient college warble the eucharistic hymn. It really was a treat. The very fact of the custom dating back to 1501 was quite sufficient to excite a little interest in the most drowsy breast. In that year the 'most Christian king, Henry VII.' gave to Magdalen College the advowsons of the churches of Slymbridge, in Gloucestershire, and Lyndon, in Sussex, together with one acre of land in each parish. In gratitude for this benefaction, the college has been

accustomed, during the lifetime of the royal benefactor, to celebrate a service in honour of the Holy Trinity, with the collect still used on Trinity Sunday, and one of the prayers taken from the Communion office.

The commemoration service ordered in the time of Queen Elizabeth is still performed on the 1st of May, when is sung in the college tower a Latin hymn, having reference, no doubt, to the original service.

As I have said, I was there, and enjoyed it much, in spite of the cock-crowing period at which it took place.

Theodore Hook once offered, as an apology for not attending morning chapel, the fact that it was too late for him to sit up. He could manage a seven o'clock service, but to sit up till eight in the morning was really too much to expect. As the singing takes place at five in the morning, I think I shall next time sit up till then.

'The press, sir, is a mighty engine,' said Pitt; 'Mr. Pickwick yielded his fullest assent to the proposition.'

The press must be a mighty engine, for in Oxford it seems clamorously demanded of you that you shall buy a paper. Not only are you waylaid daily by some half-dozen street arabs, with shouts of '*Echo*, 2nd edition, two a penny!' but at the end of the week you are forcibly reminded that there are such mighty engines for information as the *Chronicle*, *Journal*, and *Oxford Times*. The publishing day of each is Friday, and the interest that the travelling vendors of these exhibit is really amusing. Now, however, there's another paper in the field. The *Oxford Guardian*, which has made its 'bow to the public,' and has come forward to supply some great want of the age. But this has been too much for the *Times* (Oxford). They, too, have brought out a mid-weekly paper, and have candidly confessed that they, with others, were 'startled out of their ordinary quiescence by the unexpected announcement from an unsuccessful journalist, that 'it has been determined to bring out a new Oxford paper, which shall be thoroughly independent, and the organ of no political party.' The *Oxford Times* is equal to the occasion, and assures this presumptuous imitator of their successful *Times*, that they, and they alone, can supply the want; and further, they declare war à outrance, by letting the world know that their edition will be ready for the breakfast-table every Wednesday morning.

What is the commemoration to be like? Is the Sheldonian Theatre to be used, and are 'the masses,' or, rather, 'them asses' of undergraduates to repeat the disgusting exhibition of last year? If the man with the red tie (who, in other respects, appears to be a respectable graduate of the University) carries out his threat of again shaking this red flag in the face of the Undergraduate we may expect the Sheldonian to resume its character of a noisy pot-house; and yet those in authority seem help-

less. Surely, some means might be adopted, by which only those who care to conduct themselves as gentlemen shall be admitted, or by which a few M.A.'s might be scattered in the gallery to preserve order.

The present proctors are already highly popular, and need fear nothing on the 12th. 'Apropos,' of some unfortunate whose experiences of a proctor may not have been pleasant, sings, in the 'Undergraduates' Journal:—

'I know a man, he's fair to see,—
Take care!
He can both hard and gentle be,
Beware!
Avoid him, he is seeking thee.
His bulldogs follow close around,—
Take care!
In any place he may be found,
Beware!
Avoid him, he is seeking thee.'

The festivities announced during the commemoration are promising. Mr. and Mrs. Rousby will give dramatic recitals on June the 8th. The 'Philharmonic Society' will perform 'Acis and Galatea' in the Sheldonian Theatre on the Monday, and a grand ball will be given by the Apollo Lodge of Freemasons the same evening. On the Tuesday the Oxfordshire Horticultural Society will hold their show in the gardens of St. John's College, and on the day of the Eucœnia the Freemasons propose giving an outdoor musical fête in New College Gardens.

Just let me say one word of each Musical Society of which Oxford may proudly boast. The 'Choral' lays claim to being the mother of them all, and with it Dr. Stainer, the able and lately-appointed organist of St. Paul's, was long identified, assisting much by his ready help to bring it to its present state of efficiency. The second professes to be 'more select,' and to consist of the more refined porcelain clay of humanity. Of the Choral Society it would be impossible to speak in too high terms, for the great treat which they lately gave the townspeople in their admirable performance of 'Athalie' and 'Stabat Mater.' The first of these works had never before been presented to an Oxford audience, and on this account was eagerly looked forward to. The sacred drama of 'Athalie'—esteemed the finest production of Racine—exhibits, as Schlegel observes, the great poet in his whole strength for the last time before taking leave of poetry and the world. 'Stabat Mater,' which has not been performed in Oxford since 1858, has nothing in common with the former, each representing a distinct idea of what sacred music should be. The one, however, was written by a German and a Lutheran; the other by an Italian and a Roman Catholic. Both of these, as I have said, were

admirably rendered by this society to one of the largest audiences ever seen within the walls of the Corn Exchange.

Is Oxford to be a military centre? The old women of the University have been wonderfully active of late in their opposition to Mr. Cardwell's suggestion. When we remember that these said old women petitioned against the main line running through Oxford, and afterwards agitated in favour of a branch being carried on to it at Didcot, we need not be surprised at anything they may do. Amongst the many arguments brought forward against the scheme, perhaps, that is not the least remarkable which says that the young officers who may be quartered in the neighbourhood, and whose time should be given to instruction and drill, would be corrupted by the influence of the members of the University!

SHELLEY'S METAPHYSICS.

ADVANCED criticism has long ignored the traditional opposition between philosophy and poetry. In their mutual relations they would rather seem like two mathematical lines that tend to meet the further they are produced. It would be needless to quote the names of metaphysicians, ancient and modern, to illustrate this natural affinity that the highest efforts of philosophy bear towards poetry; while, on the other hand, every reader knows how often poets, at least the greatest poets, seem to combine the results without undergoing the labours of philosophers.

Indeed, when once, in its thirst for unity, in its strivings to attain the unattainable, the mind has sacrificed exactness for width of view, speciality for generality, it is forced to confess that the methods by which it can test truth are in no way proportionate to its desire to obtain it. As it leaves the terra firma of the sensible, so, too, does it lose the certainty of its footing. It may indeed attempt to rise on the winged words of revealed religions; but necessarily limited in extent, such flights stimulate rather than satisfy the active mind.

In default of observed facts, recourse is made to extended inferences of reason—acute deductions, subtle analogies—methods the results of which possess little influence over any but the particular schools that employ them. Far more popular has been the appeal to the multitudinous forms of supernatural illumination, a method peculiarly adapted to meet the requirements of the vulgar. Akin to the latter method, though free from the hackneyed character it so often exhibits, is what is commonly called poetical inspiration, drawing its knowledge not, as in the former case, from communion with God, but (at least with the majority of poets) from intercourse with man and nature. Where certainty and proof lie so far beyond the limits of the understanding, the love of beauty, half feeling and half thought, may prove no unsafe guide to the springs of truth. The appeal to the heart may be advantageously combined with the dialectic of the reason. The poet may

strike to the centre, though he may not exactly know how; while the sympathy subsisting between him and his readers establishes a conviction that might never be obtained by the colder methods of exact logic. In some spheres of knowledge this is a commonplace: a deeper insight into human character is to be gathered from the synthesis of Shakespeare than from all the analyses of psychologists; and surely this must be at least as true of the vaster and far more insoluble problems that beset our conceptions of life, destiny, and nature.

It is the aim of the present article to analyse Shelley's philosophy as exhibited in his poetry, and further to point out the natural connection that exists between his philosophy of nature and his philosophy of man; in other words, to show how his metaphysical conceptions of man and nature lead to his revolutionary doctrines as regards man and society.

A comparison of 'Queen Mab,' the work of Shelley's boyhood, with any of the productions of his early manhood, suffices to show the formation of his philosophical views. It would be tedious to quote passages from the somewhat inconsistent poem above mentioned; but we may briefly state that we find in it the promises without the conclusions of materialism. Led to the latter doctrine by the tendencies of his time, his own nature, perhaps influenced by an unaffected admiration for Plato, revolted at the consequences of such a philosophy; for the future his poems breathe a spirit of idealism—their philosophical principle is Pantheistic. But Shelley's Pantheism is not that materialistic Pantheism (better called Panteosmism) in which matter and motion are the veritable realities, and of which mind is a perishable function; grand as is the poetry that Lucretius has raised on such a materialistic basis, the idealism of Shelley affords deeper foundations and a fairer fabric. Shelley's Pantheism is rather analagous to that of Spinoza, recognizing an Absolute Substance as the condition of all finite existences, which by its own necessity manifests its infinite-reality in the multitude of its passing individualisations.

What then is 'Nature' in Shelley's poetry? Is it not, according to the scientific ideal, an environment in which man grows and lives in common with the beasts of the field, and the sum of his relations with which is comprised in modification of its phenomena for the amelioration of his own condition? Still less is it, according to the theological ideal, a marvellous dwelling-place in which to admire the handiwork of God, and so to praise Him for the wonders that he doeth towards the children of men. Shelley believes only in the existence of absolute spirit, which, impersonal and universal, he recognises as the one reality no less in nature than in man. The opposition between mind and matter is thus apparent, not real. Both are alike ripples emanating from the one

eternal power which as one substance permeates the whole of things, and of which all individual objects are concrete manifestations. But the mind of man, itself 'a portion of the eternal,' stands in a relation of positive self-assertion to this Universal. The religion of the Brahmin or the Buddhist, in which the consciousness of the individual is lost in proportion as it rises to the recognition of the infinite essence—this negation of humanity involved in the assimilation with the divine—is quite opposed to the spirit of the philosophy we are considering. On the contrary, the sensuous is not disregarded, but under the free power of spirit becomes regenerated, by becoming the expression of the spiritual. Nature is only inert matter to the inert mind. The poet idealises the sensuous into beautiful forms. And Shelley's poetry of Nature consists of descriptions of such beautiful forms, which serve, like the objects of the Platonic Eros, to unveil the spiritual truth that underlies the sensible phenomena.

The following passages may serve to illustrate the conception from different points of view.

Describing the effects of the contemplation of sunrise from the Euganean Hills, he writes: (The noon—the leaves—the vines—the Apennines—)

And my spirit, which so long
Darkened this swift stream of song,
Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky,
Be it love-light harmony,
Odour, or the soul of all,
Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
Or the mind which feeds this verse
Peopling the lone universe.

These lines describe the action and reaction going on between Man and Nature, the appreciation of the true beauty of which depends on the perception of the ideal without by the ideal within—the mind that perceives and the beauty perceived finding a point of unity in their mutual absorption under the Universal. This absorption, however, is a conscious act on the part of the mind perceiving, and ends not in a suicidal self-negation, but in a richer and truer realisation of spiritual life. The last two lines of the passage we have quoted might, it is true, suggest the hypothesis that the without is the absolute creation of the individual spirit; but those that precede, as well as a host of other passages, might be quoted to prove that such was not Shelley's usual conception. Mind makes Nature only in the sense of recognising the spiritual therein by kinship thereto. Nature is one manifesta-

tion of the eternal substance, just as mind is another. Consider the following passage :—

Yet like a buried lamp, a soul no less
Burns in the heart of this delicious isle,
An *atom of the Eternal*, whose own smile
Unfolds itself, and may be felt, not seen,
O'er the grey rocks, blue waves, and forests green,
Filling their bare and void interstices.

An analogous expression to this is in the 'Adonais' applied to the mind of man. The spiritual life is itself 'a portion of the eternal,' and cannot die. The following passage from this poem will show the conception formed of death by this philosophy :—

The one remains, the many change and pass,
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly,
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

These lines are instinct with the very spirit of the Eleatics. The worthlessness of the phenomenal as such, the reality of the universal, appear in more striking contrasts by the solemnity of death's approach. It would be difficult on the evidence before us to decide what were Shelley's views touching immortality. None would grant more to personality in life—does he admit none in death? Shelley was one of the last to have dogmatised on such a question. In the conception of a future world, in the construction of myths and *νεκρία*, owing to the nature of the subject, great imaginations have always been prone to allow themselves the fullest liberty, and to take but little account of apparent self-contradictions. Shelley forms no exception to this rule. A fanciful *νεκρία*, begins and ends the 'Revolt of Islam.' In the poem itself speculations on the part of the characters seem to recognise only a Comtist immortality by memory.

The grave I fear 'tis passionless,
. we meet again
Within the minds of men whose life shall bless
Our memory.

On the other hand, the views in the 'Adonais' are far more in accordance with Shelley's philosophical principles. 'Death is dead,' not Keats—

He is made one with Nature
He is a presence to be felt and known,
Spreading itself where'er that power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath and kindles it above.

The resemblance this passage bears to the Christian theology is only a superficial one. It really describes the return of the human soul to the Universal, of which it is but a temporary individualisation. And this absorption seems only consistent with an impersonal immortality—the more so as the universal thought is regarded abstractedly in relation to its manifestations as necessity devoid of mere human feelings and intentions, which the self-confidence of man ascribes by analogy to his gods.

But the poetry of Pantheism, though, as we have seen, it can rob the grave of its terrors, is most adapted to picturing the ideal in natural life, in living nature. Its proper sphere is the sensuous in nature and man; but not the sensuous as such. Art in the service of the mere animal nature stands self-condemned. 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' but art degraded to the level of sensuality is as transient as the passions on which it rests. The true poet, passing by on the other side like the fury he describes, though with different motives ('Prom. Unbound,' Act I.),

Leave (s) the self-contempt implanted .
In young spirits sense-enchanted,
Misery's yet unkindled fuel.

Shelley deifies only where he recognises the spiritual. Under the magic spell of his poetry, as by the wand of an enchanter, the sensuous is transformed, and becomes the glorified garb of the spirit within,

And in the soul an odour wild is felt
Beyond the sense.

Thus not only is passion purified, but the worship of nature becomes the worship of the spirit it embodies. For illustration of the first of these transformations we can only refer to the scene between the lovers in Canto VI. of the 'Revolt of Islam;' to the scene of the vision in 'Alastor;' and, perhaps the most beautiful of all, to the description of the Lady Emilia in 'Epipsychidion.'

Of the second, the hymn to Asia, or Nature glorified by the approaching victory of man (that occurs in the 'Prometheus Unbound'), is one of the best known, as it is one of the most beautiful representations. We quote the first stanza:—

Life of life, thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them,
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire, then screen them
In those looks, where whose gazes
Faints entangled in their mazes.

These are not thoughts naturally suggested by the contemplation of an autumn sunset or a summer sunrise. Perhaps such a description could only be written under a southern sky. Yet the richness of the language does not do more than set off the truth of the idea. This is that Nature for which, as 'queen and goddess of mortals,' Bruno and Varini perished at the stake, and of which, were an impersonal representation possible, we might, perhaps, obtain a vague conception from the warmest of Turner's landscapes.

Such then is the solution which Shelley affords of some of the great problems of existence—the nature of man, his place in the world, and future destiny. Spirit is the universal essence underlying all phenomena. Man participates in it as a portion of it, and by virtue of this participation recognises it again in Nature, in which the divine is reflected in forms of sensuous beauty. This absolute mysticism is what is peculiar in Shelley's poetry of Nature. We may assign to general causes the universal admiration for Nature that is shared in common by all the modern romantic school. But this only renders it the more interesting to distinguish the individuality that each member of that great cluster of poets stamped upon his work. How different, for instance, does Nature appear in Scott, Wordsworth, and Shelley? Scott gives us the picturesque in Nature—his descriptions are equally varied and vivid; but, after all, they are little more than descriptions—they are wanting in that deeper and indescribable something which we find in the two other poets, and the place of which is not thoroughly supplied by simply connecting the descriptive scenes with trains of moral sentiment. Wordsworth, on the other hand, represents Nature with a truly ideal touch; he finds more in it than is given to direct observation. But Shelley's communion with Nature is a rapt enthusiasm, an intoxication of passion; the attitude of Wordsworth is rather one of calm reflection, of keen insight. If Wordsworth individualises the scenes he describes, Shelley universalises them. The one finds a separate voice in separate things, the other one voice under many shapes—each feature of Nature, with all the richness and variety with which he clothes it, is still to him but as 'one atom of the Eternal.' With this is connected a further difference, deeply affecting the life and opinions of the two poets: the one turns to Nature to find relief from the disappointments and miseries arising from the death-struggles of tottering social systems, and the unbridled license of revolutionists; the other turns from Nature to Man, eager to find in the social world that same spiritual beauty that he has already evolved in the world of Nature, and prepared to accept every destructive agency which, by the overthrow of the past, may lead to the realisation of his ideal. This is the point of connection which we

mentioned above as existing between what we have called Shelley's Metaphysics and his revolutionary theories. It would be an interesting question to estimate the moral influence of the love of Nature so universally felt, or at least so universally affected, by cultivated classes in the present century. The charming, and to say the least of it, socially-inclined, Phillina, in Goethe's 'Wilhelm Meister,' expresses the opinion that with an increased admiration for Nature a proportionate decrease in human sympathies takes place. And without doubt this danger is peculiarly incidental to mysticism, whether it has Nature or God for its object. But Shelley's preface to the 'Alastor' alone would be sufficient to show that any such charge would be inapplicable in his case. We shall see, rather, that after communion with Nature he returns thrice armed with 'passion-winged ministers of thought' to slay the 'hydra brood' of custom. The 'Alastor,' written in 1815, depicts the fate of the genius divorced from all human sympathies. In the 'Hymn to Intellectual Beauty' and in 'Mont Blanc,' both written in the succeeding year, we see how Nature herself leads her true worshipper back to the world of man. The following passage illustrates the point of transition, being an address of the poet to Mont Blanc :—

Thou hast a voice, great mountain, to repeal
Large codes of fraud and woe : not understood
By all, but which the wise and great and good
Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel.

Similarly Laone (in Canto I. of the 'Revolt of Islam') is supported in hope and despair by the Spirit of Nature :—

The spirit whom I loved in solitude
Sustained his child ; the tempest-shaken wood,
The waves, the fountain, and the hush of night—
These were his voice.

Nature and Man, we must remember, in Shelley's philosophy, are as the two poles of the Universal ; between them lies a distinction rather than a difference. Man's admiration for Nature exists in so far as he finds the universal in it—that is (for he must evolve it in the shape of beauty, love, and out of his own consciousness), in so far as he realises what is greatest and best in himself externally therein. But the return thence to the existing world places him in a necessary antagonism with the social institutions he finds there. In a whole universe of harmony and love he sees that only Man is vile. Thus communion with Nature gives rise to a shock—a mental awakening—a sudden conversion—a

hatred of the system that fosters such moral hideousness—a desire to reform all things by the light of Nature. Thus, so far from alienating man from society, it becomes in a way the condition of enlightened human sympathy. And as man regarded Nature, so must deified Nature regard man, as its object. The poet occupies a position above them both—each to him represents but a part of the same whole. And hence the essential communion between the two in Shelley's poetry. Nature suffers when man suffers; Nature rejoices with the rejoicings of man. On the outbreak of the French Revolution, Laone again ('Revolt of Islam,' Canto I.)

To the clouds and waves in tameless gladness
Shrieked, till they caught immeasurable mirth
And laughed in light and music.

The whole of the 'Prometheus Unbound' presents us with developments of this idea, viz., the joy that Nature feels at the regeneration of mankind. The same fact may perhaps account for a peculiar kind of imagery frequently used by Shelley, who is often as fond of illustrating the processes of Nature by similes derived from human thoughts and feelings as he is of the usual illustrations of the latter by means of metaphors drawn from the former. Here is an instance of this inversion of the image combined (in the two concluding lines) with the ordinary species of metaphor:—

Thou dost wake, oh Spring,
Oh child of many winds! as suddenly
Thou comest as the memory of a dream,
That now is sad because it hath been sweet,
Like genius, or like joy, which riseth up
As from the earth, clothing with golden clouds
The desert of our life.

We are now in a position to see the relation in which Shelley necessarily stood to the revolutionary ideas of this day. Shelley would have reconstructed society by the light of Nature. But Nature had also been the watchword of Rousseau and the revolutionary school. Hence Shelley naturally adopted their extremest views, and the majority of his poems are elaborate pleadings or passionate attacks against the different institutions of society. Thus the 'Revolt of Islam' is an assertion of the rights of the many against the tyranny of kings, priests, and soldiers. 'Helen and Rosalind' affords a picture of the miseries that arise from the institution of marriage and the cruelties recognised by law. But we are not here concerned so much with the particular writings as with the general theories of Shelley. We have seen the motives that urge the poet to preach his new creed, and hinted the characteristics that

are to mark the regeneration it is to introduce. But how are the ideas of the Visionary to reach the heart of the multitude? How is society, so lately enthralled by fear and faith, to be recast in a day? The answer is—by wishing it. Shelley had the firmest faith in his ideal.

We might be otherwise, we might be all
We dream of, happy, high, majestic;
Where is the beauty, love, or truth we seek;
But in our minds?

He never seems to have recognized how little mere preaching can do against prejudice. The history of Europe has proved that among the Western nations it is only by the gradual and indirect action of the extension of knowledge that customs and creeds can be successfully attacked. Fiery conversions by enthusiasm are peculiar to the Eastern disposition. It was a psychological error not to have recognised this fundamental difference of character and the consequent diminution of the influence of the prophet in the Western world. Yet the fact that Shelley laid the scene of his revolutionary epic in the East will justify dramatically the extravagances of the story, though at the same time it must limit the applicability of the tenor. To those who are disposed to find in Comte's generalisation the true key to the interpretation of history, Shelley must seem the very incarnation of the metaphysical spirit. An Universal Substance they would regard as the philosopher's Fetish: while undoubtedly the law of Nature is, as Mr. Mill describes it, only the imaginary law of an imaginary being. But, on the other hand, we would mention that Shelley only recognises *substance in its activity* as the law of the universe—a law that under the symbols of 'harmony,' 'love,' &c., is as real to him as any exact generalisation of science: nor is a poet ever bound by the tether of observation, inasmuch as he professedly transcends facts by feelings. All poetry—even the art that Positivism is to introduce—must in this sense be metaphysical. In the second place, however impossible the revolutionary ideal of liberty and equality, it is at least to the full as practicable as a forced union under a compulsory creed, well described as 'Catholicism *minus* Christianity.' Though the theological and metaphysical schools (the contest between which is symbolised in Shelley by that between the Eagle and Serpent in Canto I. of the 'Revolt of Islam') were never destined to be united in a restored harmony, still it is certain that such an issue can never result from the advent of a Positive *régime*. But, whatever we may think of the falseness of Shelley's ideal or of the irrationality of his means, these have nothing to do with our estimation of his poetical genius. Impartial criticism will confess that deficiencies of logic are not perhaps unaccompanied by a higher

development of feeling ; that there are cases in which a page of passion is worth a volume of reason.

Space will only permit us to make a few remarks on other characteristics of Shelley. He is essentially a lyrical poet. The dramatic element in several of his poems is merely formal ; but in the 'Cenci' he has shown that he can throw off his own feelings and emotions and paint individual character from without, as well as give expression from within to the typical character of oppressed humanity asserting itself against tyranny—the character which figures in so many of his poems. It is by his shorter lyrics that Shelley is principally known. The key-note of these is generally one of profound sadness, and is exactly characterized by his own words :—

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Their depth of sentiment, their subtlety of thought, their exquisite finish of language, entitle them to rank among the highest efforts of this species of poetry. Viewed on his metaphysical side, there is no poet who raises us more into the dreamland of philosophy. Yet he affects no dogmatism ; if he persuades, it is without didactic effort. Exactness, sometimes consistency, are sacrificed for variety of view, for depth of feeling. Whether as a 'light,' a 'beauty,' a 'sustaining love,' or veiled in ten simple images, his language makes us feel rather than conceive that ideal universality and unity which (to apply his own language)

Like a star,
Beacons from the above, where the eternal are.

For is it possible that, with truth, and love, and liberty for the watch-words of his song, so vast a genius can have wholly missed the mark. The extreme nature of his views is due to their reactionary character. He was a hater of kings—yes : but previous to the revolution in France, and during the Castlereagh Administration in England, there was a real connection between royalty and tyranny on the one hand, and passive obedience and extreme misery on the other. He was a hater of all forms of religion, and especially of Christianity—yes : but his attacks, like those of Voltaire, were directed against hierarchical intolerance and the abuse of faith, in days when hypocrisy and priestcraft stood hand-in-hand for the defence of tyranny, when belief in God implied the superstitious enforcement of blind submission to man. The essence of Christianity lies in its ideal of character. And on this point Shelley's poetry will bear comparison with the works of the purest of Christian writers. As we have hinted above, we must distinguish between his ideals and the means by which he imagines they can be achieved. As

regards the former, we venture to assert that he is a poet who belongs to the present more than to the past, and who will belong to the future more than to the present. It will be for posterity to see whether the fittest epitaph to his memory may not be found in his own lines:—

A poet hidden

In the light of thought,

Singing hymns unbidden

Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

A. CORDERY.





DRAWN BY D. H. FRISTON.

ENGRAVED BY C. M. JENKIN.

'JEW, GENTILE, AND CHRISTIAN.'